THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PARNELL AT THURLES.

He Receives an Enthusiastic Ovation From the Tipperary Men on Their Native Heath.

He Makes a Vigorous Speech in Which He Particularly Scores the Melancholy John Dillon.

After arriving at Thurles on Sunday, Aug. 2, Mr. Parnell and his friends proceeded outside the railway station to the brakes which were in waiting to convey them to the market place where arrangements were made for the holding of the public meeting. The crowd which had assembled in the vicinity of the station was of vast proportions. The people were now lined along the approach to the station, and as the wagonette in which Mr. Parnell was seated passed by the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. The houses on every side were decorated with evergreens, and at frequent intervals the streets were spanned by laurel arches, from which bannerettes bearing the truly Nationalist mottoes which have been associated with Mr. Parnell's visits to other places were suspended. Indeed, there were not more than a few houses in the town which were not in some way decorated, and the progress of the procession of bands through the streets was characterized by a remarkable display of enthusiasm on the part of the townspeople. The chair was taken by Mr. Edward Kirwan on the motion of Mr. E. Johnston, seconded by Mr. Shannon, and among others present were:

Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P.; Mr. Henry Harrison, M.P.; Mr. Edmund Leamy, M.P.; Mr. W. H. K. Redmond, M.P.; Mr. James Clancy, sub sheriff, Dublin; Mr. A. Ridgeway, Sioux City, Iowa, U.S.A.

Waterford—Captain Toole, City High Sheriff; Ald. Strange, W. G. Fisher, T.C., P.L.G.; C.Hacket, F. Dawson, T. F.Reddy, J. T. Power, G. Firth, R. Buckley, J. Hayden, P. Cunningham, J. Maher, T.Griffin, T. Dunne, J. Gaule, M. Wyse, M. Ryan, J. McEvoy, J. Kennedy, J. B. O'Shea, Bryan Cunningham, Joseph Walsh, Sr., Joseph Walsh, Jr., P. Twomey, Michael Green, Richard Morris, Joseph Ryan, James Barry, P. F. Reddy, T. Sheehy, Francis Aylward, Philip Grimes, C. P. Redmond, *Waterford News*; — Rideway, T. McGrath, J. Lee, Michael Carroll, E. Sheedy, J. McGrath, J. Mayes, J. Quinlan, T. Kennedy, John Power, M. McGrath, M. Ryan, J. Butler, J. M. Bryan, Michael Power, E. Griffin, W. O'Sullivan, M. Arthur, J. Fitzgerald, D. Fraher. The Amateur Brass Band and Wolfe Tone Fife and Drum Band accompanied the deputation.

Limerick—E. Ryan, P.L.G.; J. McNamara, P.L.G.; J. H. Moran, T.C.; John A. Mackey, M. J. Keatinge, John McEnery, *Limerick Leader*; John Burke, D. Matthews, D. Liddy, John Connors. The Limerick deputation was accompanied by the St. Mary's and Sarsfield bands.

Kilkenny—George Stallard, T. C.; Patrick Hoyne, P. J. O'Keeffe, Richard Hayes, E. T. Keane, John Smithwick, Thomas Kinsella, James Nowlan, John Carroll, John Hickey, John Byrne.

Clonmel I. N. L. and P. L. C.—Alderman Wright, Messrs. E. Burke, solicitor; G. Carrothers, solicitor; T. Russell, T. C., P. L. G.; John O'Donnell, D. Nugent, J. E. Coffey, Joseph Lowney, Daniel Gough, Patrick J. Maher, Pierce Tobin, J. Bartlett, Thomas B. Naughton, Tipperary *News*; J. A. O'Sullivan, William Butler, E. O'Shea, J. Boland, P. F. Cunningham, Patrick Butler. Irish National Foresters (Clonmel)—James Dwyer, J. Condon, P. Hogan, J. Cahill, J. Cregg, J. Meehan, J. Fennessy, Thomas Tobin, P. Cunningham, William O'Connor, M. Power, John Cleery, Michael Waite, P. Quinn, J. Mulcahy, J. Coffey, E Robinson, L. Neeson, Thomas McNamara, Thomas O'Connell, J. O'Brien, J. Lonergan, John Graham, Joseph Fagan, Stephen Ryan, Michael Barry, John Fitzgerald.

Kilmanagh, Co. Kilkenny—Michael Fitzgerald, P. L. G.; James Fitzgerald, Pierce Fennelly, James Comerford.

Tullaroan—Patrick Gannon.

MR. PARNELL'S SPEECH.

Mr. Parnell, who was received with loud and prolonged cheering, then came forward. He said:

Men of gallant Tipperary, to tell you I am proud to have a chance of addressing so great a meeting in this splendid little town of Thurles at this crisis in our national history would be but faintly to express the appreciation which is in my heart. I have watched for many months the action of this town of Thurles with admiration and wonder, and my admiration and wonder have been increased immeasurably today when I see this great and vast meeting come together in the face of intimidation of which I can know but little, but which everyone of you have felt so much, to express the faith, the undying and imperishable faith which is deeply planted in your hearts (cheers) My friends, these are times which try the hearts and the mettle of men, these are times which bring brave men and true men to the front (cheers), and these are times which enable the country to establish her title to nationhood (loud cheers), and whether the independent men of Ireland are few in number or great in number they are there, they are here today in this meeting, they are in this great county of Tipperary (cheers), and they exist in every county and every town of Ireland, determined to uphold the independence of our country (cheers). I regret to have to deal today with the utterances of a distinguished Irishman whose name—the name of Dillon—is revered in the county of Tipperary (a voice—"Not now"), who claims to represent this country I came to Thurles to support eleven long years ago. I regret that on this platform and at this time it has come to my lot to find myself ranged in an opposing camp to that man. I regret that it should be so, but my heart is not fainter (cheers), my courage is not less because it must be so (cheers). I have to criticise the speech recently delivered by Mr. Dillon. He has told us that his views are the same as his views were in America, and that his opinion is the opinion which he then expressed in what he calls the manifesto.

A Voice—A weathercock opinion(laughter)

Mr. Parnell—Perhaps it is not necessary, as it certainly would not be courteous, to ask Mr. Dillon which views, and which manifesto (cheers) His views of today are surely not the views expressed in his manifesto cabled to the Leinster Hall meeting (cheers) when he said, "We stand by the leadership of the man who has carried the Irish cause through unparalleled suffering (cheers), from servitude and despair, to the threshold of victory, and we do so not only out of gratitude for his past services, but from the profound conviction that his matchless qualities as leader are necessary for the safety of the National cause." (cheers.) These, men of Tipperary, were the views of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien before they had thought of receiving their directions from an English statesman and an English party (hear, hear). These were their views after the verdict and before Mr. Gladstone had written his letter, but these views have changed, and his views of today are now those that he has recently put before you. He says now that he cannot accept the leadership of Mr. Parnell in the new policy which he has proposed for the acceptance of the country. I have proposed no new policy for the acceptance of the country. I have not varied. Mr. Dillon has varied (loud and prolonged cheers). Continuing, Mr. Dillon says, "The policy which, in my judgment, is directly the reverse of that upon which our party acted since '86" I will ask Mr. Dillon when I ever asked the party to take Mr.Gladstone's orders and directions as to what they should do? (Cheers) I will ask Mr. Dillon if I ever permitted the national cause of Ireland to be guided and directed by any section of English thought or opinion? (Loud cheers.) I will ask Mr. Dillon if I ever permitted the Irish cause and aspirations to be shaped by English party newspapers or an English political party? (Cheers) I will ask Mr. Dillon when I ever permitted

ECCLESIASTICAL DIRECTION AND DICTATION

to take the place of the public and free will of the country? He says in explanation of this new policy which he alleges that I have adopted in explanation of his own views—"I am in favor of driving out the present government as quickly as that can be done." So am I in favor of doing that (cheers). I was not, it is true, in favor of attempting to damage the present government by attempting to damage the recent Land bill (hear, hear). Then he goes on, "I am in favor of giving Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party an opportunity of passing their Home Rule bill." I am also in favor of giving Mr. Gladstone—I won't say an opportunity of passing his Home Rule bill until I know what it is going to be—but I am in favor of giving him an opportunity of coming into power and of putting him in a position of showing the Irish people what he is going to do for them. I have done nothing to prevent that. I have not thought in my inmost heart of doing anything to prevent that, and I defy anybody to bring either a public speech or a private conversation of mine indicating that I think it good policy to keep the present government in office, or to prevent Mr. Gladstone from showing what his measure for the settlement of the Irish question is (cheers). That is the point of difference between myself and Mr. Dillon. He says: "If this bill proves satisfactory next year will see the end of the struggle." A sanguine man, indeed, (laughter); and he goes on, "If it proves unsatisfactory I shall be the first man to declare against it, and to fight the Liberal party." Now there is Mr. Dillon's declaration, and I will pin him to it (cheers). He says in fact that the Liberal party, if they are to have his support, must introduce a bill which will next year settle the Irish question. Well, I would not have minded giving him a longer term than that (hear, hear, and laughter). And what is a satisfactory solution of the Irish question? which, according to Mr. Dillon, is to be carried next year by the Liberal party under pain of his opposition and his displeasure? It means the transfer to an Irish parliament of the right to make laws for Ireland and to enforce them when made. Under this definition, a comprehensive one, it includes the control of the Irish constabulary and the power to settle the Irish land question at home and the power to appoint judges and magistrates to administer the laws when made. If all this is not done within twelve months Mr. Dillon says he is going to oppose and fight the Liberal party. Well, now I want to ask him one question. Where are the forces by whose help he is going to fight the Liberal party in case of necessity in twelve months' time? What are they? I apprehend that Mr. Dillon would like to have you among those forces. He would like to have the men who helped him to start the movement of the Plan of Campaign, who went to jail, who gave up the future of themselves and their families in order, if possible, to make the movement a success. He would like to have the young men of Ireland who helped him to fight the church when the church thought to stop that movement (cheers). Or is he going to depend upon his new found allies, one of whom, for the first time, sent his carriage to meet him on his coming out of Galway jail? (hear, hear). No; I think if any fighting is going to be done he would rather depend upon you men than upon those men. But to what fate, by his adhesion to the Seceders, whether a word of remonstrance against any specification of theirs, does he consign you? Where does he send his army of the future in the meanwhile? He does all he can to enable their enemies to trample the spirit out of their hearts. He does all he can in the interval to crush and destroy

THE NATIONAL SENTIMENTS OF IRELAND

He does, perhaps unconsciously, probably unconsciously, all he can during the interval to destroy the spirit, the courage, and forces of the great army of Nationalists upon whom he has always depended for his strength and his support, and it will not be for him when he realizes the futility of Liberal promises, when he finds that performances have not matched his expectation—it will not be for him when that time comes as it most assuredly will come, then to appeal to the men by whose help in years gone by he had mounted to power and achieved his fame and his position of strength as an Irishman and to fall back upon those forces which in the meanwhile he will have done his utmost to discredit and destroy. The difference between Mr. Dillon and myself is easily explained. Mr. Dillon says now that he is in favor of unity, and that it was by unity and strict discipline that we attained our successes in the past. I will tell you, fellow countrymen, that it is by something greater and stronger than unity and discipline that we obtained this success. It was because we were independent (loud cheers). That is a word which he says nothing about. It was because we were independent, that our members were independent, of both the great English parties that we won; and much as I value unity I say that the greatest force and the greatest strength which has ever existed in Irish public life, without which the breath of your best orators and speakers would be valueless and of no avail, has been the spirit of independence, the love of nationality which you, the men of Tipperary, have inherited from your gallant forefathers, and which you are here today under circumstances of every discouragement, under circumstances which will do you a lasting honor, to renew your adhesion to the principle of independent opposition (cheers). This then is the difference. I ask Irishmen, I ask Mr. Dillon not to throw away his sword, not to disband his army, not to give up any force or strength which he now possesses, which Ireland now possesses, until we have tested the promises of these English Liberals by their performances (cheers). That was the principle which I have kept in view during these years past, that was the principle which made us strong and powerful against the enemies of Ireland, that is the principle which has enabled our country to stand in the position of constitutional strength which she now occupies, and that, fellow countrymen, is the principle, the principle of independence for Ireland, for our people, which I am here today to ask the men of gallant Tipperary to help me, unworthy as I am, to support (loud and prolonged cheering).

THE MANIAC WIDOW.

The following poem was first published in an Irish journal about sixty years ago, and is worthy of reproduction. The husband of the lady mentioned in the poem was executed for his connection with the insurrection of 1798,and after wandering aimlessly about the country for many years a hopeless lunatic, death ended her agony. T.J.F.

The night-shades gathered round the hill
Where sleep the dead in peace;
The river's slumbering waves were still
Which bathe that lonely place;
And all was clad in deepest gloom,
Save where the moonbeams glimmered on the tomb.

The tomb!—aye, it was one where lay
The body of her love;
And oft in sorrow would she stray
As the moon watched above,
To vent her anguish o'er the place
Which wrapt his relics in the earth's embrace.

We followed her—With faltering tread
And agony of heart
She sought the chambers of the dead,
And sometimes she would start—
And sometimes pause with frantic gaze,
Fitluging her sight upon the moon's full blaze.

And then she fixed it on the ground
And wrung her hands, and gave
A groan whose deep sepulchral sound
Was fitted for the grave;
And thus she strangely beat her way
To where her husband's sacred ashes lay.

And still we followed her, aloof
Till near the grave she drew
And then she shrieked—"Be this the proof
Of my true love!" and threw
Her wasted form upon him in his dark abode.

"My husband!" but no answer gave
The solitary dust;
"My husband!" and she bathed the grave
With bitter tears, and thrust
(Poor maniac) into the clay
A knife's keen blade, and swiftly fled away.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN TYRRELL.

Mr. John Tyrrell, brother of Officer Martin Tyrrell, of the Chicago police force, and of Mr. Patrick Tyrrell, agent for THE CITIZEN, died at his residence, No. 4544 Gross avenue, on the 24th inst. Mr. Tyrrell was born in Cultra, county Galway, Ireland, and came to America five years ago, residing nearly all the time in Chicago. He was a promising young man, and his premature death is greatly lamented by all who knew him. The funeral occurred on the 26th inst., from the house to the church of St. Rose of Lima, where high mass of requiem was celebrated, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. There was a very large attendance.

The system is rendered malaria proof when the blood is kept pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. At this season, all should have this admirable preparation at hand. Malarial poison is harmless when Ayer's Sarsaparilla is used.

Bald heads are too many when they may be covered with a luxuriant growth of hair by using the best of all restorers, Hall's Hair Renewer.

IRISH LEGENDS

Of the Old Times of Fion and Fiann, as Related by Miss Banim.

Something About Queen Maeve, or Mab, and Her Wonderful Island Court on Lough Ree.

"Long years ago, in the time of the great Fenian heroes, a terrible fight was fought between Fion Mac Cumhail and a warrior named Fiann. Oisin, the son of Fion, was present at the combat, and, as they were fighting, there came to the spot a maiden, daughter of a noble of the fairy hills, who gave Oisin a champion's stone, formed with three angles and three sides, and from a hole pierced through this stone hung a golden chain, for fastening the weapon to the shield. The warriors fought from sunrise to sunset, until all Fion Mac Cumhail's weapons were broken; Fiann, thinking himself victorious, raised a shout of victory, but Fion seized the stone from Oisin's hand, and with it he slew the three sons of Fiann with twenty of their followers, and so won the victory. But in his last throw—that which killed Fiann's three sons—he flung the stone into the water, where it has lain ever since, and where it will remain till within seven years of the morning of the Day of Judgment. When that time comes it will be found by a maiden who shall strike her foot against it in the water where it lies; her foot will be entangled in the hook of the golden chain that holds the stone, and she will bring it to the strand upon a Sunday morning, seven years before the end of the world. From this stone comes the name 'Ath Liag Fion,' and from this stone of the great Fion Mac Cumhail, and thousands of other such, 'come, boys,' he says, 'the words that you, knowing no better, laughed at as vulgar words—"a lick (Liag) of a stone that laid her low."'

"That is a curious story, now," continued Mr. O'Farrell, "but there's no end of them in these parts—on the islands and the land all along the lake of the kings of old. You see across there the county Longford. That was once upon a time the country of the O'Farrell's. Yes—my own direct line ruled over miles of country here, and

A BOLD, HARDY RACE

is to it to this day. They intermarry with the Callow boys and girls from the Roscommon bank behind us here, and a few years ago many a fine wedding party you would see going in a train of boats from shore to shore. There was a terrible accident happened a few summers since. A wedding party was crossing just there above when a sudden storm came—the storms rise here all in a minute—and swept nearly every mother's son of them—young couple and all—drowned in a minute. It's a fine land, the O'Farrell's country, famous for its beautiful lakes and grand horses. Often, when I was a lad, I went of a Garlic Sunday, with all the people far and near, to swim the horses in the lakes; it made them strong. And, talking of lakes, there's one curious one beyond on the very borders of Westmeath—Lough Bawn. Its waters are as white and clear as crystal in winter time; in summer, dark as the murky sea, and it reaches its very highest level in June, while it sinks to the lowest mark in the middle of winter. It differs from every other lake in the wide world; but the story of it I never heard, or, if I did, I disremember.

"Here we are now at the Grianan Maeve, and there's the very first church St. Dermot built upon the island. You saw the Quaker gentleman's empty house below? Very well. When that gentleman came to build that cottage nothing in the world would do him but to pitch on the finest stones in the Clogas church for the key stones of his summer house. He yoked his horses to the first stone to draw it down, when—as sure as I'm speaking to you—the cattle went raging mad and tore across the island in such a fury they had to be shot. And not that alone, but every living creature on the island—save the Christians—

WENT MAD

too, and never was seen such consternation, until Mr. Fairbrother vowed a solemn vow he'd never touch another stone from any one of the holy churches. Then the creatures got back their peace. Now, take a good look at the Clogas, and then you shall come down to the bank where the banshee pointed out the corpses to my wife."

On the highest ground in the island, either a natural hill or a rath, stands the Clogas, or Belfry church, thus described by Dr. John O'Donovan: "A beautiful little church, with lancet windows, exactly resembling those of the old church of Banagher, near Dungiven, and evidently of the same age and style with the church of Kilbarry and the older churches of Devenish Island near Enniskillen." Of the belfry, a square tower built into the church, Dr. Petrie says: "it is most certain that the Irish ecclesiastics had, from a very early period, in connection with their cathedral and abbey churches, *campanila*, or detached belfries, called in the Irish annals and other ancient authorities by the term *cloigteac*.

"2 It is equally certain that, in all parts of Ireland where the Irish language is yet retained, these towers are designated by the same term, except in a few districts, where they are called by the synonymous term *clogas*, or by the term *cuilgteac*—which, as I have already shown, is only a corruption of cloigteac by a transposition of letters very usual in modern Irish words.

"3. It is also certain that no other building, either round or square, suited to the purpose of a belfry, has ever been found in connection with any church of an age anterior to the twelfth century, with the single exception of the square belfry attached to a church on Inis Clothran or Clorin—an island in Lough Ree—and which seems to be of earlier date."

Here, close by the church, there stood, 1900 years ago, the Grianan (sunny chamber) of Maeve, which yet gives its name to the spot where Queen Maeve spent the last years of her old age; where doubtless she had a splendid palace as well as a Grianan—which latter meant a summer house, erected on the sunniest spot above the Dun or fortress, or palace of kings and other great people. These summer houses were built of wood or wattles according to the accounts given of them in very ancient MSS. There is a very particular description given of one which tells that it took six horses to draw every post or plank of the walls; seven of the stoutest men in Ulster to weave in the hazel wicker-work that filled the spaces between the posts; that there were thirty builders or carpenters employed besides; that the Grianan had glass windows; that among the furniture were couches with cushions and rich coverings, the panels and posts of the couches gorgeously adorned and emblazoned, and these adornments are also spoken of in one description of a Grianan as being of gold and silver, the work of the East.

It is now easy to realize these pictures, when we stand upon a lonely hill and see the few stones that to this day attest that such buildings once covered what is now only a fairy rath—buildings minutely described by writers hundreds of years ago. There are many who believe that these tales in their entirety are myths; that the personages figuring in them were mere creations of

THE CELTIC BRAIN.

But it has been proved by such learned scholars as Profs. O'Curry, O'Donovan, and other eminent men, and by researches of late years in these very spots, that the buildings were not fanciful erections, and that most of the personages who appear in the stories did actually live. That Queen Maeve, or Mab, was no myth, but a genuine, magnificent, warlike queen, who really passed her last years and held her court here upon this beautiful island of Lough Ree. We even have her portrait, drawn in the celebrated history of her great war upon Ulster: "A beautiful, pale, long-faced woman, with long-flowing yellow hair upon her; a crimson cloak, fastened with a brooch of gold over her breast; a straight ridged *slegh*, or light spear, blazing red in her hand." The very stones that composed the strong hold of the beautiful queen's palace are yet close to the old church and belfry, for when Prof. O'Donovan visited the place in 1837, one James Moran, the oldest man on the island, told him he remembered the ring or enclosure of the Dun, and that the stones had been used to build a ditch which now runs across the island. Now, this very ditch connects Queen Maeve in a very particular manner with our own days, and it is my opinion she is yet "putting in her time" on the very spot where she met her sudden and unprovided end.

The ditch mentioned by Dr. O'Donovan contains the last stones of Maeve's fortress. Very well. This ditch, now shaded by a long row of beautiful trees, runs in a direct line from the old Grianan Maeve down to a lovely shady bank on the brink of Lough Ree.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

"YOUNG MR. GRAY."

[*United Ireland.*]

A little over six months ago this young gentleman crossed the threshold of manhood, and to all appearances there was before him a bright and honorable career. Unfortunately for himself, he had hardly taken his first step in public life when he was seized with that vaulting ambition which has overleaped itself and landed on the other side. Almost his first public act was a declaration of adherence to the Irish leader. He threw himself with the utmost eagerness into the fray. He determined that the *Freeman's Journal* should stamp out all Anti Parnellite rivals, and he resolved to carry the Parnellite banner to the height of victory, or die. The fight proved tougher than the young hero expected, and very soon proved too tough for him. And so he returned the sword to its scabbard and began to talk of peace. He resolved to become the mediator. The work which the best brains and hearts of Ireland had failed to accomplish was undertaken by him with a light heart. His efforts were regarded with kindly toleration by those with whom he was supposed to be in political sympathy, and were laughed at by his opponents. Broken in health, it was said, by his arduous efforts, he retired to the continent to recruit. The *National Press* was unkind enough to assert that he abandoned Mr. Parnell and his cause. This statement the young gentleman promptly contradicted, and he allowed the readers of the *Freeman* to believe that he approved of its policy, while all the time he was sitting on a fence. The declaration of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon gave him, as he thought, his opportunity, and so he plumped down among them to become the savior of Ireland; with the result that he is today looked upon with contempt by politicians of every shade of opinion, and if he were to live to doomsday, he will never again be trusted by an honest man in Ireland. Young Mr. Gray, to be sure, owns nearly half the *Freeman's Journal*. He has endeavored to compel the capable and upright business men who have been looking after its fortunes, and who by their bold and resolute course have won for the paper a position higher than it ever reached in any period of its history, to approve of his antics. It is said that he is endeavoring to get rid of them, and that it is likely he will succeed; and that before long we shall find the *Freeman's Journal* the obedient servant of the bishops and the advocate of an English Liberal party. Well, Mr. Gray may take this course if he likes. If the other shareholders in the *Freeman* are foolish enough to let him have his way, they will discover just as soon as he will himself that in journalism, as in politics, honesty is the best policy.

The people of Ireland are not in the mood to put up with trimmers and cowards. They can respect a newspaper which fights for its own corner honestly and straightforwardly. And Mr. Gray mistakes their temper if he supposes that the *Freeman's Journal* can turn a political somersault and retain the respect of any one. Mr. Gray thinks it is a very heroic thing to shake his money bags in the face of the Irish nation. They won't be quite so full after three month's experience in the new departure. The *Freeman's Journal* today depends very largely upon Parnellite patronage. For the last six months the supporters of Mr. Charles S. Parnell have stood firmly by it, in defiance of intimidation from the very quarter in which Mr. Gray has now sought shelter. And if the *Freeman* rat, Mr. Gray may make up his mind that it can no longer count upon that support. Mr. Gray has succeeded in making a pitiable exhibition of himself. His conduct will rouse sympathy for the men who have devoted themselves to making the *Freeman's Journal* a success while young Mr. Gray was touring around the world. No more devoted men ever had control of a great paper, and it is regrettable to think that they should have to put up with the gyrations of a scarcely emancipated school boy. Mr. Gray, having begun with a heroic effort to crush the *National Press*, has now apparently gone to the *National Press* office for information, and he appears to be about to act on the advice which it has given him to fling out of employment all the men who have professed any support to Mr. Parnell. It would be well if Mr. Gray should remember that boycotting is a game at which two can play.

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

A good sized crowd was at the park at Lincoln and Polk streets last Sunday afternoon to witness the Gaelic games. Two football contests were scheduled—Davitts vs Emmets and Grattans vs Wolfe Tones. The first game was won by the Davitts, with a score of 4 to 3. The contest was spirited, but the wet ground rendered impossible any long runs. No goals were made. About the time the Grattans and Wolfe Tones were preparing to go on the ground the rain began to fall and continued to pour with such violence that the game was postponed.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending Aug. 26:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	104	65	39	.625
Bostons	100	58	42	.580
New Yorks	95	55	40	.579
Philadelphias	100	52	48	.520
Brooklyns	99	46	53	.465
Clevelands	103	47	56	.456
Pittsburgs	102	40	62	.392
Cincinnatis	103	40	63	.388

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending Aug. 26:

Thursday—Chicago 14, Cleveland 2. Cincinnati 1, Pittsburg 2. Brooklyn 8, Boston 11. Philadelphia 2, New York 13.

Friday—Chicago 9, Cleveland 3. Cincinnati 0, Pittsburg 2. Brooklyn 8, Boston 1. Philadelphia 1, New York 3

Saturday—Chicago 10, Cleveland 4 Cincinnati 1, Pittsburg 2. Brooklyn 3, Boston 8. Philadelphia 9, New York 5

Monday—Chicago 4, Brooklyn 1. Cincinnati 2, New York 3. Cleveland 5, Philadelphia 13 Pittsburg 6, Boston 3

Tuesday—Chicago 28, Brooklyn 5 Cincinnati 12, New York 4 Philadelphia 4, Cleveland 7. Pittsburg 1, Boston 7.

Wednesday—Chicago 9, Brooklyn 8. Pittsburg 6, Boston 1. Cleveland 4, Philadelphia 4 Cincinnati 1, New York 6

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	107	75	32	.701
St. Louis	108	68	40	.630
Baltimores	102	57	45	.559
Philadelphias	103	53	50	.515
Columbus	107	50	57	.467
Milwaukees	104	45	59	.433
Louisvilles	108	37	71	.343
Washingtons	99	34	65	.343

Thursday—Baltimore 4 Washington 8. Louisville 2, Milwaukee 5 St. Louis 15, Columbus 8 Boston 2 Philadelphia 3

Friday—Baltimore 3, Washington 7. St. Louis 4, Columbus 2. Boston 11, Philadelphia 4.

Saturday—Boston 8, Philadelphia 5. St. Louis 3, Columbus 5. Baltimore 2, Washington 3.

Sunday—St. Louis 6, Columbus 7.

Monday—Boston 5, Philadelphia 3. Baltimore 13, Washington 0.

Tuesday—Philadelphia 4, Louisville 1. Boston 8 Milwaukee 0.

Wednesday—Washington 2, St. Louis 2. Boston 12, Milwaukee 7. Baltimore 6, Columbus 5.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Garden Citys	15	10	5	.667
Whitings	14	9	5	.643
West Ends	14	8	6	.571
Rivals	14	6	8	.429
Brands	14	5	9	.357
Franklins	15	5	10	.333

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Garden Citys 16, Franklins 6. Whitings 6, West Ends 9. Brands 5, Rivals 2.

Gaelic Athletics in Ireland.

Kellyville and Wolfhill (Queen's Co.) met at Ratheeniska to decide the question of superiority. Kellyville won by 2 goals and 1 point to 3 points. It is said there was a great deal of unnecessary roughness during the match.

The final footbal tie for the championship of county Cork was played at Cloghroe, between the Nil Desperandum Football Club of Cork city, the representatives of Mid Cork, and the Clondrohid Football Club, the representatives of West Cork. The contest resulted in a win for the latter team, who defeated the Nils. The victory was a very decisive one, as the Clondrohid men scored 3 goals and 6 points, while the Nils obtained but 2 points. The result of this match leaves the West Cork representatives the champions of the county Cork at football this year. The Midleton Gaels, the representatives of East Cork, secured the proud distinction last year.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

BARRETT'S SPECIAL MISSION.

Left alone in the apartment he was leisurely examining the various antique objects, each with its own warlike or romantic association, when the rustle of a dress was heard at the doorway, and turning he beheld Mabel Fortescue. For a moment she stood hesitating and embarrassed, then advanced towards him with a smile, and cordially extended her hand.

"We may differ in politics, Mr. Barrett, but at the same time be excellent friends. Allow me to congratulate you on your very fortunate escape. When I rode away from Ballina this morning I thought—"

Her voice, low, sweet, and tremulous, died out in a whisper.

"You thought that the hangman had claimed me for his own, Miss Fortescue; yet I must say you showed but little concern for the rebel who was about to get his deserts, as you, of course, considered," said he, in tones of coldness and severity.

"Cruel and unjust!" she responded, with gentle and even affectionate reproof; "how you have misjudged me! The hours were to me ones of actual despair and agony on your account until O'Dowda arrived here with the news of defeat; then I knew you were free from danger, and, rebel though you are, I thanked heaven for your deliverance. And yet, ungrateful, one, you tax me with indifference as to your fate."

The touch of her soft hand seemed to fascinate him; with sudden, irresistible impulse he bent and kissed the white fingers.

"But why imperil your prospects, your life, in this mad and quixotic manner?" she went on, hurriedly speaking, as if to relieve herself of her thoughts ere there came a reaction of feminine reserve; "why this wild boyish freak of rushing upon ruin? It is not chivalry or patriotism; it is foul delusion, wicked self-sacrifice. Oh, on my knees I could appeal to you—yes, I, the daughter of one of the proudest families in the land, the niece of the Earl of Clermont—could beg of you to abandon this suicidal course, to hearken to the call of self preservation, of life, of happiness, of love."

She paused in confusion. Was he dreaming or delerious? A rosy blush overspread her features, but there was a steady, candid, appealing look in her blue eyes, a look which he shrunk with almost a feeling of guilty uneasiness from meeting. The trembling of her hand, the agitated tone of her voice left no doubt as to her meaning.

"Lady," said he with an effort, "it is impossible. My course is decided, and I must follow it."

She suddenly recoiled from him, and turned away to hide the painful look of shame and humiliation which had sprung into her face.

"Be it so, sir," she said after a few moments, in a strange, altered voice, "you have been prompt in making your election. It is but just I should be slighted and scorned—heavens, how I have debased myself! how fully I have earned your contempt!"

"Madam! on my soul——"

"Hush, sir; it is over, and I have no blame or reproach for you. But I might have been more guarded in my solicitude. I have learned the object of your visit here—to seduce a loyal man from his allegiance, to prepare a dark sequel of woe and misfortune for him and his, to bring ruin and desolation upon this household. Unfortunately you have, as I hear, succeeded, and I am unwilling to remain one minute longer under the roof of an unhappy rebel. I but await my brother, who has promised to come and take me to some place of safety."

Barrett looked astonished; then she was still in ignorance of her brother's calamity. A returning sense of sorrow smote him as he recalled that sad spectacle he had witnessed on the Killala road.

"I sincerely regret, madam," he commenced.

"Spare your regrets, sir; they sound to me rather hypocritical. Why regret that the invaders whose arms you bear woe some paltry successes? Or mayhap your regret is that of the repentant coward who now sees some defeat and punishment before him."

It was a bitter thrust, but he did not heed it; his mind was too much occupied with his dread information, with the gentlest way of conveying it. He had learned that the sound of the unfortunate rector was mortal!

"Your brother——"

"Yes, my dear, noble brother, George, he who loves the king of his country as a true man should, and who, minister of religion though he be, did not hesitate to serve today as volunteer against the forces of irreligion and rebellion. Nay, affect not to seem shocked; your Father Murphy fought similarly on the rebel side in Wexford, and no doubt many of your Catholic priests here will soon throw off the mask and expose their disloyalty. But pray, sir, have you news of my brother? Why does he tarry?"

"You must not expect to see him tonight?"

"And wherefore not? Ah, some misfortune has occurred—I see it in your face. Answer me!"

"The rector has been wounded in the skirmish at Rosseark."

She turned pale, uttered a low, piteous cry, and tottered against the wainscot. He stepped towards her, fearing she was about to swoon, but she recovered herself and turned to him imploringly.

"My brother wounded! my dear brother George! Answer me, I beg you, is his wound serious? is it dangerous? Mercy of heaven, it is! you cannot conceal it! Oh, misery! misery!"

She burst into a passion of tears, in the midst of which she turned upon Barrett with a fierceness akin to that of a tigress robbed of her young.

"So, sir, your French allies, vile butchers that they are, have included the murder, it may be, of my poor brother among their grand list of successes. But let them look to it—and ay, look to it you, who have scorned and flouted me—for I shall exact a fearful vengeance. As heaven is above me I shall leave no effort untried, no stone unturned, to bring red and bitter woe upon the heads of the French murderers and their Irish aiders and abettors!"

She rushed from the room. Barrett could hear her sobbing in the passage without, and then the voice of the baron's wife in gentle entreaty and consolation.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUMBERT'S POLITIC WRATH.

Returning next morning to Killala with the news of O'Dowda's accession to the cause, Patrick Barrett found Gen. Humbert in an apparently furious and ungovernable rage, his officers all wearing grave and solemn faces, and poor Dr Stock, who seemed to be the chief object of the commander's ire, pale and perplexed before him.

The General, in a white heat, was striding up and down the apartment used as a military office, the brass scabbard of his sword clanking and clattering on the floor at every step. Occasionally he stamped and hurled forth a lusty Republican oath; again he roared some directions and orders to some of the officers in waiting.

"Thunder of war, Monsieur l'Eveque!" he cried, halting plump before the agitated bishop, "do not tell me that you cannot induce those Killala *canaille* to supply what I require; if you do I shall not believe it. Cars and boats are here, I am sure, in plenty, and if your people do not produce them, pardie! monsieur, you must pay the penalty."

"But my father has really no influence in the matter," remonstrated Edwin Stock, the bishop's eldest son.

The General turned upon him with a shout of fury.

"Bah! how dare you interfere? You cannot deceive me; you are an enemy, a sneaking royalist, and would impede our march. Out of the way, *scelerat!*"

And at the muzzle of a presented pistol he drove the alarmed youth from the room.

The trouble was about means of conveyance, both by water and land. Away towards Kilcummin Head, where the French landing had been effected, three frigates still lay at anchor, and on board of them lay some artillery and stores which yet required to be brought ashore. The shipping resources of Killala were very limited. About twenty years previously the port had actually boasted a sailing vessel of small tonnage, but, as the celebrated traveller, Young, facetiously remarks, "that wicked fellow, Thurot took her, and unshipped the harbor."

It chanced, however, that there was now two small trading vessels at the quay, and presently a French officer entered and announced that he had seized both, one for the purpose of transporting the guns and ammunition from the frigates, the other for the sake of its cargo—a welcome addition to the commissariat—of forty ton of oatmeal.

This information mollified the general somewhat, but there still remained the insuperable difficulty as to land transport, and he speedily relapsed into wrath, which was only increased by the bishop's repeated pleas of inability to comply with his wishes.

"Indeed, General, you vastly overrate my influence with the people," urged Doctor Stock; "I have but little control over their property, and still less, he added severely, "over my own, as you must admit. In three days you have emptied my larder and cellar; cattle, corn, and potatoes have been taken from me; my kitchen is a continual scene of cooking of my own beef for the use of your soldiers; my stock of fuel is almost consumed. What more would you exact?"

"For whatever property of yours has been taken, monsieur," replied the General, tartly, "you shall be paid by drafts on the future national treasury."

Doctor Stock uttered a sceptical laugh, which raised the commander's ire to a climax.

"Sacre! Monsieur l'Eveque, this has gone too far; I shall make you sensible I am not to be trifled with. Your disobedience shall cost you an immediate trip to France. Here, Fontaine."

The officer, in compliance with his superior's orders, delivered the startled prelate in charge to a corporal's guard, giving him time only to put on his hat ere he ordered them to conduct him to the frigates.

And then the good people of Killala, especially those who were owners of the boats and vehicles, beheld with fear and anxiety the spectacle of the bishop being marched rapidly through the streets, and away across the hill of Mullaghorn, to be transported to France for non compliance with the French general's commands. When such was the treatment of a man of such position, what should be theirs when the concealment of their boats and cars became known? And many of them at once determined not to run the dangerous risk of further concealment, thus yielding to the ruse which had been employed by the wily Humbert.

For ruse it was. The bishop and his escort had gone only half a mile when a horseman rode after them and bade them return; and on re entering the castle the bishop was met with congratulation by the French officers and effusive excuses for the action of their commander.

"A mere *ruse de guerre*, Monsieur l'Eveque," they explained; "it was necessary to frighten those selfish fellows you see, and it has been done. Please excuse the general; he is a hasty man—hasty, but good natured."

And, when Dr. Stock had passed in with an air of relief, the volatile Frenchmen nudged each other and chuckled at the success attending Humbert's latest assumption of politic wrath, for now there were numerous ready proffers of the use of both cars and boats.

Humbert personally apologized to the bishop, and pleaded necessity, which plea was readily accepted.

"Monsieur l'Eveque," said the general, "I had intended taking you with me as one of the hostages for six French officers I am leaving in Killala, but now I will not put you to this inconvenience, and shall content myself with four hostages instead of six."

The work of loading the vehicles went on apace; there were not quite enough of them, and it was found necessary to leave behind two hundred and eighty barrels of powder, of a hundred pounds each.

The loud roll of the French drums beating the "rally" now rose on the air; there was a hasty forming of ranks along the road leading by the castle; mounted officers dashed to and fro; bayonets glinted in the bright sunshine; tricolors and green flags waved in the light breeze; two light field pieces, four pounders, came clattering along—the sole artillery of the expedition. It was a general muster of the army of invasion, which consisted in its exact entirety of 1,000 rank and file and seventy officers—these latter being chiefly intended to assist in organizing and disciplining the Irish levies.

The latter made a fairly creditable parade, notably "the Legion," a thousand strong, of fully equipped insurgents. A promising division of the Legion, recruited almost entirely out of spirited Northern refugees, who considered themselves superior in courage and discipline to the ordinary rustic insurgents of Mayo, was under the command of Col. Patrick Barrett, who eyed with increasing pride the tolerably martial bearing of his men and the determined look on the faces, which were nearly all familiar to him. He had vigilant aides in a little fellow named Con O'Donnell; his ensign, a Ballina man named Michael Gallagher; and an athletic young man, Farrell Filan, late a private in the Tyrawly Cavalry.

The only downcast faces visible in the muster were those of the captive Yeos and of the four "hostages" whom Humbert was taking with him—namely, Lieut. Tom Kirkwood, of the Tyrawly Cavalry; Mr. John Knox, of Bartra, whom a Catholic curate was said to have brought in bonds to Killala; the bishop's curate, the Rev. Robert Nixon; and Rattledge, the customs officer. These gentlemen looked ill at ease in their position among the French cavalry.

Having detached two hundred of his soldiers to hold possession of Killala, as a precaution in case of retreat, Humbert at length gave the order to march; and a loud cheer rose up with the dust which sprung from the many feet whose tramping echoed along the road.

For good or ill the Franco-Irish force was at length on its way to meet the enemy.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Laoidh na Sealga.

Oisin—A Fhádruig, an g-cuala tú an t-sealg?
A mhic Chalphruinn na psailm sámh,
Do rinneadh an sonar le Fionn
'S gan aon neach ann d' Fhiannaibh Fáil.

Padraic—Ni chualas, a mhic an righ,
A Oisin ghlic na n-guiomh n-garg,
Inuis dúinn a's na can gó
Cionnas a rinneadh leo an t-sealg.

Oisin—Ni chanamaois an Fhiann gó,
Breug leo nior samluigheadh riamh;
Le fíre 's le neart ár lámh
Do thighmaois slán as gach gliadh.

Nior shuigh riamh cléireach a g-cill,
Ge gur bian do chanaid psailm,
Dob' fhirinnigh 'ná an Fhiann,
Fir nár loc a n-gliadh gharg.

Nior shuigh aon duine a g-crích,
A Fhádruig chaoimh is binne glór,
Dob' fhirinnigh na Fionn an áigh,
Fear nár chaol do bhronnadh óir.

Dá maireadh mac Móirne mear,
Goll crodha nár char séad,
No mac Ui Dhuibhne na m-ban,
Laoch do chuireadh eath air chéad.

Dá maireadh mac Garaidh na lann,
Fear nár ghann ag cur an áir,
Oscar no mac Rónáin ghrinn,
Do chrónáin 'san g-cill nior shámh

Da maireadh Fearghus fíe Fhinn,
Fear do gnidh rainn air an bh-Féinn,
No Dáire shinneadh gan locht,
A n-guth do chluig ni chuirfinn spéis.

Da maireadh Aodh beag mac Fhinn,
No Faolan grinn nár éar neach,
No Conán maol bhí gan gruaig,
D'fhág mé faoi ghruaim le seal.

Abhac beag do bhi ag Fionn,
Chuireadh gach cionn na sámh shuain,
Ba bhinne liom foghair a bhéil
Na bh-full do chleir is do thuaith.

[LE BEITH LEANTA.]

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Summer Resorts Now Open.

Excursion tickets now on sale. The following list (with ticket rates for the round trip from Chicago) represents but a few of the choice spots of the Creation reached best by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and the Milwaukee & Northern Railway: Delavan, Wis., $3.75; Oconomowoc, Wis., $5 50; Waukesha, Wis., $5 00; Palmyra, Wis., $5.50; Madison, Wis., $6.50; Kilbourn (Wisconsin Dells) $8 85; Tomahawk Lake (Minocqua) $15."0; Elkhart Lake, Wis., $7.50; Marquette, Mich., $17.40; Mackinac, Mich., $21 25; St. Paul and Minneapolis, $20 00; Lake Minnetonka, $20.75; Duluth, $20 00; Yellowstone Park (Grand Tour), $180 00 Special reduced rates on Friday and Saturday of each week to various Wisconsin points. For further particulars apply to City Ticket Office, 207 Clark street, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on Sept. 90, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes. For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or address any ticket agent.

Harvest Excursions.

Two genuine Harvest Excursions will be run from Chicago and other points on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to points in Western Minnesota, Northwestern Iowa, South and North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Montana, at cheap excursion rates, on Aug. 25 and Sept. 29. For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. P. S.—It will do your heart good to see the magnificent crops in South Dakota. They are simply immense.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

The most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Nearly all are located near lakes which have not been fleeced out. These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:30 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

The Parent of Insomnia.

The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathises. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Bynum in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

HE PLAYED IT SHARP.

Chicago Man Victimized by an Indiana Lawyer.

SOME VALUABLE PAPERS STOLEN.

A Terre Haute Attorney, After Distracting the Attention of the Agent of a New York Carriage Manufactory, Makes Way with Papers Valued at $50,000—The Culprit Arrested but the Papers Are Gone—A Sensational Affair.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—Through the trick of Attorney H. R. Catlin of Terre Haute, Ind., J. W. Phillips, agent in this city of Keeler & Jennings, carriage manufacturers of Rochester. N. Y., lost papers which he valued at $50 000. Phillips has occupied room 470 at the Palmer for several years, and it was there that the theft occurred. Several years ago an inventor named Herman, at Terre Haute, perfected the plan of a coach possessing valuable improvements. He had no capital and it was some time before he was able to secure enough to begin the manufacture of his invention. Even then the work went on slowly, owing to insufficient means, although the carriage found ready sale and was generally satisfactory. In this extremity Herman applied to Phillips, who is one of the best known carriage men in the country and has been the agent of the Rochester firm for many years.

The Business Prospered.

The latter agreed to take hold of the enterprise and to furnish the capital required, providing he were given an opportunity to secure a half interest in the business on terms which he named. The arrangements were completed, Phillips paid the inventor $2,000 and the manufacture of the coaches was begun on a business basis. The business prospered so well that Herman, it is said, soon began to regret his bargain. He made various efforts to secure from Phillips a modification of the contract, and, being unsuccessful, finally proposed to purchase his partner's interest. Phillips was not averse to selling, providing he got his price, and negotiations were carried on by letter, when Phillips received a telegram from Herman, in which the latter said that he would be at the Palmer House at 2:30 o'clock to close the deal if possible. About that hour, as Phillips was in his room awaiting the arrival of Herman, a card was brought up bearing the name of H. R. Catlin, attorney-at-law. Phillips noticed that the address was Terre Haute, and, thinking that the visitor might have been sent by Herman, asked that he be told to come up.

Played a Smooth Game.

When Catlin came he explained that he was there also to meet Herman, and the two men fell to talking about the invention. Three o'clock came and Herman did not appear. Catlin expressed surprise at his tardiness. Finally he said to Mr. Phillips that while they were waiting for Herman he would like to examine the conveyance of the patent to Phillips, the contracts and other papers connected with the transaction. Suspecting nothing, Phillips took the documents from his desk and passed them to the attorney, who busied himself in scrutinising them. Suddenly Catlin exclaimed: "Oh, here is a letter that Herman sent you. I nearly forgot to deliver it." Phillips took the envelope, but the penmanship was so minute he could scarcely decipher it. Adjusting his glasses he went to a window. The envelope contained a blank piece of paper. Phillips turned to where Catlin had been sitting for an explanation. The chair was empty. The lawyer had departed with all Phillips' title to his share in the patent.

Arrest of the Lawyer.

Phillips saw through the ruse in an instant and hurried to Justice Brayton's court, where he secured a warrant for Catlin's arrest. Constable Cronin took the writ and hastened to the Eastern Illinois depot, believing that the attorney would immediately return to Terre Haute. The man was not found on any of the trains, but later in the day the constable arrested him at Thornton Junction. When the officer searched him for a weapon he asked: "Are you looking for the papers?"

"No," replied Cronin; "but if you have them you'd better give them up."

"I wish I could, but I haven't them: I mailed them at once to Herman at Terre Haute," answered Catlin.

The attorney was taken before Justice Brayton and placed under $2,000 bonds until the 31st. James S. Bruner, the real estate dealer, signed his bond. The papers have not yet been recovered.

Illness of Ex-Senator Harlan.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Ia., Aug. 25.—The announcement was made Monday afternoon of the sudden serious illness of the Hon. James Harlan, ex-senator of the United States. The old gentleman was taken suddenly with a severe chill about noon and rapidly grew worse, causing much alarm among his friends here. As chairman of the building committee of the new college chapel now in course of construction here he had devolving upon him much mental and physical exertion, which probably led to his sudden sickness.

Moonshiners Killed in a Church.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 25.—Meagre details have reached The State of a bloody affray which took place Sunday at Mountain Hill church, Greenville county. Several noted moonshiners entered the church during services, and commenced shooting indiscriminately. During the melee two of the Howard boys, celebrated moonshiners and desperadoes, were killed, and four other men wounded, it is said fatally. No arrests have been made.

The Show Failed to Materialize.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Aug. 25.—Two thousand people Monday evening gathered at Evans park and paid 25 cents each to see a wild west show that had been extensively advertised. When the crowd was gathered the show people quietly left the grounds with the admission fees and it developed that there was no show of the kind in existence. Some well known Sioux City people were arrested for complicity in the swindle.

Union Types Win a Victory.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—The compositors employed by The Recorder struck Monday because of the discharge of a union foreman and the employment of a non-union man in his place. The strike only lasted two hours, the business manager of the paper adjusting the matter by employing a union man as foreman and signing an agreement to employ none but union men hereafter.

"THE GRASSHOPPER OUTLOOK."

Paper Read Before the Society for the Advancement of Science.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—Before the American association for the Advancement of Science Sunday Professor Riley read a paper entitled "The Grasshopper Outlook," giving a resume of investigations made during the past six weeks. He said that the whole territory concerned east of the Rocky mountains has been examined by agents of the department and the conclusions drawn are quite reassuring. The Rocky mountain locust was found only in limited localities in North Dakota and Minnesota, and the species producing the injury in Colorado, Kansas and other sections are species of which have in the past proved of national importance.

Not Much Danger This Fall.

The injury done in parts of California is due to species which are local in California. Professor Riley therefore takes a cheerful view of the outlook, and feels that it is only necessary to continue the investigation with a view of learning as exactly as may be the area over which the eggs of the destructive species are laid, so that if it be necessary congressional aid may be secured for the farmers during 1892. There is no longer any danger of a serious general injury this fall. It is also important that the United States ascertain the condition of things in territory north of our boundary line, and in this the co-operation of the Dominion government is desirable.

RESCUED AT LAST.

Rough Experience of a Party of Pleasure Seekers on Lake Michigan.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Aug. 25.—The Brainard party from Cincinnati and Pittsburg, which was wrecked on Chapel beach, Pictured rocks, on Thursday last, was rescued Monday in a half-starved condition by the tug Fishing Queen. The party consisted of Ira Brainard and wife and W. H. Brainard of Pittsburg, and John R. Davey, K. McDougall and J. C. Shelts and wife of Cincinnati. After going ashore at Chapel beach the party took refuge in a cave, but the steam launch was sunk by the storm. Though greatly weakened by a fast of three days with no food but berries, all the party are fairly well save Mrs. Shelts, who is in quite a serious condition. The guides sent through the woods with provisions failed to reach the party.

Young, But Experienced.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Harry J. Thorner, the 18-year-old son of a wealthy Buffalo merchant, is locked up in jail here on a charge of having three living wives. The police have been looking for him for some weeks. About a year ago he represented himself as Harry Hamlin, the Delaware avenue millionaire, and married a pretty dry goods clerk. The girl found she had been deceived on her wedding trip, and three weeks later she secured a divorce. Since then Thorner is said to have been married three times.

Matches the Outrages in China.

HELENA, Mont., Aug. 25.—A dastardly outrage was committed Sunday at Missoula. A party of fifteen white men wearing masks descended upon three Chinese gardeners, living near that city, looted their cabin, destroyed the structure, broke all the furniture, and maltreated two of the Chinamen in a terrible manner. One of them was pounded brutally and gashed with knives. The other was tarred and feathered, his que cut off, and he was so roughly handled that he may die.

Fatal Fall Over a Bluff.

PENDLETON, Ore., Aug. 25.—Peter Techkella, his wife, and three children were out driving, when their horse became unruly. Techkella was unable to stop the animal, and the horse, carriage, and its five occupants fell over a bluff twenty-five feet. Mrs. Techkella and one daughter were instantly killed and the two other children seriously injured. Techkella and the horse escaped with a few bruises.

Conflagration in a Texas Town.

WACO, Aug. 25.—An incendiary fire at Moody, this county, destroyed half the business part of the town, including the postoffice, with a total loss of $20,000; insurance less than $5,000. Complaint was made by seven citizens charging Fred Solasth, a stonecutter, with arson. There is much indignation, and it is probable that Solasth would have been lynched had he not been removed to Waco.

Discharged Their Union Help.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Aug. 25.—Owing to their inability to arrange a new price list, Messrs. Chick, shoe manufacturers, have discharged all their International union help. The old list expired July 1, since which time unsuccessful efforts have been made to fix upon a new one. The firm will not grant the advance asked for by the workmen, but are willing to pay the old prices.

Irish Agricultural Statistics.

DUBLIN, Aug. 25.—The returns to the Irish registrar of general statistics show a decrease as compared with 1890 of 1,000 acres of wheat, 7,000 acres of oats, 4,000 acres of barley, 28,000 acres of potatoes and 3,000 acres of cabbages, and an increase of 5,000 acres of turnips, 5,000 acres of mangel, 7,000 horses, 208,000 cattle, 400,000 sheep. Pigs have decreased in number 200,000.

Been Married Sixty Years.

ELGIN, Ills., Aug. 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Caleb C. Church Monday celebrated their 60th marriage anniversary. Mr. Church was born Jan. 15, 1807, at Vernon, N. Y., and Mrs. Church April 12, 1812 They were married Aug. 24, 1831. They came west in 1854. His ancestors were among the early New England colonists.

The Hurricane at Martinique.

PARIS, Aug. 25.—The latest advices from Martinique say that 340 persons perished in the recent hurricane, without counting the shipwreck fatalities The bulk of the shipping having been lost the governor has permitted foreign vessels to engage in coast trade in order to supply the needs of the inhabitants.

To Experiment on Cancer Patients.

VIENNA, Aug. 25. — The Austrian minister of education has granted permission to Prof. Adam Klewis to experiment upon cancer patients in the Albrecht Hospital for the next six months. The professor claims to have discovered an infallible cure for the dread disease.

Stabbed at a Camp-Meeting.

CARLISLE, Pa., Aug. 24.—At a colored camp-meeting at Huntedale, this county, Edward Stratiff stabbed and fatally injured William Groman during a quarrel. Stratiff was arrested.

AWFUL CATASTROPHE.

Half a Hundred Lives Lost in New York City.

CAUGHT BENEATH FALLING WALLS.

The Disaster Supposed to Have Been Caused by the Explosion of a Boiler.

More Than 140 Men, Women, Boys and Girls in the Building at the Time of the Collapse—The Wreck Immediately Takes Fire Adding Fresh Horror to the Scene—Futile Efforts to Rescue the Imprisoned Victims.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—At 12:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon an explosion occurred in the five story building, 66 Park place, occupied by John C. Eberle, manufacturer of maps. The explosion was immediately followed by a fire and in a few minutes the building collapsed.

At the time the explosion occurred many of those who worked in the building were at lunch. It was estimated that more than 140 boys, girls, men and women were in the building at the time. Those who saw the catastrophe say that the earth trembled when the explosion occurred and that the fire was in the street in a couple of seconds. The dust from the wreck rose in such clouds that for at least three minutes nothing could be seen of what was left standing but from the pall which hovered over the wrecked building came clouds of smoke and sheets of flame and yells and shrieks of agony. Out of the clouds of fire and smoke half a dozen persons emerged while from the sixth-story building on the northeast corner of Greenwich and Park place poured at least one hundred working people of both sexes and of all ages, uttering cries of alarm.

Narrow Escape of Firemen.

When the firemen arrived the buildings Nos. 66 to 76 Park place were ablaze, and the Greenwich street extension of the building on fire. A general alarm was sounded and the firemen looked around to see if life could be saved. Close to the entrance of 70 Park place and pinned under a lot of masonry was a man whose head and shoulders were visible. While the firemen were endeavoring to unloose him a crash was heard above and down came the wreck of part of the Taylor building cornice. The firemen jumped for their lives and none were hurt. When they dashed back again the man had been entirely buried, and the bricks from the Greenwich street building began to fall so thickly that the attempt to rescue him had to be abandoned. Shortly after this a man who said he was an engineer crawled out of the cellar under the wreck and fell exhausted. He was sent to the Chambers street hospital. He was unable to give an account of how he escaped.

Many People Perished.

At 1 o'clock the fire was under control. Half of the Greenwich street building had been burned, while the Taylor building was a complete wreck. The losses were computed at $150,000 for the Taylor building and contents, and $40,000 for the Greenwich street building. As to the loss of life the more conservative estimate, that of Fire Chief Cushman was that sixty persons perished. Persons who know how many worked in the building daily run up the list to 130. Nobody had been taken out at 1:30 and it appeared impossible to overhaul the ruins for several hours. Eight persons injured by the explosion were taken to the Chambers street hospital. Among the concerns destroyed were Hudson's restaurant, Lindsay's type foundry, E. F. Heaghy's plumbing shops, Liebler's glassware, Ellis & MacDonald's blank book and binding concern, a cigar manufactory and a printing office. Only four persons are known to have escaped from Hudson's restaurant. There were at least twenty-five in the loss.

The Search for the Bodies.

At 1:30 p. m. the police estimated the loss of life at between sixty and seventy. One of those who escaped said the explosion was in a boiler beneath the restaurant. It is said that several factory girls are among the dead. The Ninth avenue elevated railroad stopped running and the firemen worked upon the structure in pouring streams on the fire. The work of removing the debris in the search for bodies proceeded slowly, owing to the heat of the bricks. Ambulances from Chambers street and St. Vincent's hospitals were in attendance. Twenty-four injured were taken to Chambers street hospital. The actual cause of the explosion was not, at 3 o'clock, known. From those who saw it most agree that there was an explosion that took place on the first floor of No. 72, and the front of the store occupied by Rosenfeldt was blown into the street. Then the entire building began to quiver and shake and then came crashing into the street.

Some of the Victims.

The following are the names of the dead whose bodies have been recovered: John Sherman, aged 26, Fall River; William Smith, Brooklyn. Two little girls and one little boy, children of Frank Heagney, who kept a plumbing shop in the building, were playing in the street. The debris from the roof fell in on the children and they were killed instantly.

More Bodies Discovered.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—The work of delving for the dead in the ruins on Park place continued uninterrupted through the night, except at the times when the rain poured down in such torrents as to render labor beneath it impossible. Except at these times, also, the fire lines at either end of the block were lined with waiting friends or relatives of the missing. When they were driven from the street by the rain they sought shelter in doorways or wherever protection might be found, but as soon as it ceased their weird and mournful vigil was resumed. At 3:25 o'clock there was a bustle of excitement among the workmen that immediately communicated itself to the eager watchers at the fire lines. Another body had been found. It was that of a man and lay beside the tangle of presses at No. 70. It was terribly burned and unrecognizable, unless identity may be disclosed by the tattered fragments of clothing that but partly covered it.

The work again went unmarked by incident until 7:40 o'clock Monday morning when a second body was found, also that of a man, near the spot where the first was discovered. Five minutes later a third body of a man was found in nearly the same place. Hardly had this been done, when the body of another man was found, but it lay beneath a heavy press and it will be impossible to remove it until a derrick is obtained to hoist the press from the ruins. Almost simultaneously the discovery of the fifth body, making twenty-one in all, was made among the brick and paper at 74. It was that of a large man, but the face was invisible; it was, like the others exhumed, unrecognizable.

No Boiler in the Building.

From daylight on the crowd of spectators at the fire lines gradually increased and at 9 o'clock a densely packed throng filled every spot that commanded the slightest view of the blackened ruins. At the office of boiler inspection at police headquarters Monday it was stated that according to the records there the Taylor building had no steam boilers of any kind, nor had there been any there for several years past. The steam power used in it was supplied from outside sources.

Many Bodies Under the Debris.

So far only the edge of the ruins has been searched. Down beneath the center of the buildings are, probably, the graves of the great majority of those who have perished. The firemen, who have heard all sorts of stories as to the number of persons in the buildings, when they fell, believe that at least fifty bodies are still under the debris. Deputy Fire Chief Reilly is of that opinion, and he has made careful calculations from the numerous and contradictory reports submitted to him. If the presses can be got out Monday, it is likely that all the brick and timber can be removed by Tuesday afternoon, and all the bodies recovered by that time.

Two Victims May Recover.

Miller Barnett, the agent of Johnston City, Tenn., who was caught in the wreck of the falling building on Saturday and received a compound fracture of the skull, is still at the Chambers' Street hospital, where his skull was trepanned. The surgeons say he is doing well and have hopes of his recovery. Mary Heagney, the 9-year-old girl who was on the sidewalk when the Taylor building fell, and was buried under four feet of bricks, but was rescued alive, is also at the Chambers Street hospital still. She suffers from a lacerated wound of the scalp, contusion of the eye and fractured ribs. She is doing well, and it is said she will recover.

THE "HOLY COAT."

What a Textile Manufacturer Says of the Garment.

BERLIN, Aug. 24.—The "holy coat" now on exhibition in the cathedral at Treves has been examined by a textile manufacturer who says that when the wrappers were removed the garment was found to be so tattered that it could not be displayed. An aged and experienced nun managed to gum the fragments together, the material being too much worn to permit of the use of needle and thread.

Examined by Dr. Bock.

The coat is now partially overlaid with materials in which it has formerly been wrapped, and which, having become decayed, cannot be separated from it. The reverse side of the coat has also been examined by Dr. Bock of Aix-la-Chapelle, who states that it is mounted on a kind of silk which was a material in use during the first century, and never later than the sixth, and which was very costly. In Catholic circles these facts are regarded as proving the authenticity of the relic.

BETTER LOCK HIM UP.

Frank Bauer Has Shot Two Men by Rank Carelessness.

CENTRALIA, Ills., Aug. 24.—Joseph O'Dowd, a promising young man of this city, lost his life Sunday afternoon by the criminal negligence of Fred Bauer. They were in the caboose of an Illinois Central train and Bauer was fooling with a pistol and snapped it at the boys, thinking it not loaded. The ball struck O'Dowd and he fell dead. This is the second person Bauer has shot by carelessly fooling with a pistol. He is under arrest.

Another Case.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 24.—The particulars of a sad shooting affair have just reached here. Joseph Gray, aged 12 years, found an old pistol in a bureau drawer, and, believing that it was not loaded, he became careless and the result was the death of his niece, Francis Newkirk, aged 9 years. Gray has been living in the family of his sister, near the Geneva fair grounds.

BIG TIME AT NILES, OHIO.

McKinley Delivers His First Speech of the Republican Campaign.

NILES O., Aug. 24.—The Republican state campaign opened here Saturday with a great demonstration. Over thirty thousand strangers were in town. Ex-President Hayes arrived in the morning and Colonel A. L. Conger came in from Akron at the head of a strong delegation. President T. R. Morgan of the Morgan Engineering company, brought a delegation 500 strong from Alliance, and another special train loaded to the platforms came from Painesville. A cavalry company fifty strong put in an appearance from Sharpesville, Pa. The city is handsomely decorated. In the afternoon there was a great parade and industrial display, after which a mass meeting was called to order and Major McKinley made his first speech of the campaign.

Drowned in Lake Michigan.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—Selma Anderson, 17 years old and living at 150 Milton avenue, and Mrs. Jennie Carlson of the same number were wading in the lake at the foot of Lawrence avenue. A sudden swell came in, and both women were soon struggling in the water. Mrs. Carlson seized Mrs. Anderson and tried to save here, but was carried off her feet. Stephen A. Wilson, Edgar Sampson, and Aaron Anderson, who happened to be near, dragged the women out. Immediate attempts were made to resuscitate them, and Mrs. Carlson soon revived, but all efforts with Miss Anderson were in vain

Fatal Crossing Accident.

PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 24.—The Erie conductors' special excursion train on its return from Shobola Glen plowed through a delivery wagon at Fairstreet crossing in this city, instantly killing Peter Flannagan, one of the occupants, and seriously injuring another named John Malone.

"Parson" Davies Uses a Knife.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—A special to The Post from Mount Clemens, Mich., says: "Parson" Davies and Hall, the pugilist, had a "friendly bout" at one of the hotels about 3 o'clock Monday morning. Hall's throat was cut, but the knife missed the jugular vein and Hall will live.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

President Balmaceda of Chili has issued $12,000,000 in paper money and made it compulsory with all to receive it.

J. L. Ray, clerk for the bondsmen of defaulting Treasurer Woodruff of Arkansas, has been arrested on the charge of stealing $100.000 of state scrip.

Heavy rains are reported from Quincy, Ills., and railroads are washed out, causing some wrecks. Wheat in that section is sprouting in the stack.

Gustave Micer, a Greek fruit vender at Chicago, was murdered by hoodlums.

The body of a 12-year-old boy was found hanging on the beach at Long Branch, N. J. There is no clew to the youth's identity.

State Senator John S. Woolson, of Mt. Pleasant, has been appointed United States district attorney for the first district of Iowa in place of Judge Love of Keokuk, deceased.

John J. Hampson, a champion pedestrian of Connecticut, is under arrest at Norwalk, Va., charged with bigamy by wife No. 1. His second wife is the daughter of a wealthy Philadelphian.

Employes of the Omaha smelting works agreed to resume work at previous rates, and the concern will begin operations at once.

Manager Joseph Reynolds has signed with Mrs. Langtry for a tour of America, beginning Jan. 11.

Frank Gammon, colored, of Knoxville, Tenn., was bitten by a pet rattlesnake and will die.

R. R. Farrell of Belle, Ills., was fired upon by a hidden assassin while driving along a lonely piece of road. He escaped injury, but his horse was killed.

Two tenant farmers, one English and one Scotch, have sailed for Canada to examine and report upon the resources of that dominion, and especially Nova Scotia, and its adaptability for the settlement of English and Scotch emigrants.

The Indiana board of tax commissioners has ordered the bankers of the state to show their books containing the names of depositors and their deposits. The bankers will refuse to comply with their decree.

Francis Murphy has been remarkably successful in his temperance work in Montana.

Judge Oliver P. Mason, one of the foremost lawyers of Nebraska, is dead.

Nancy Kennedy of Hallowell, Me., is 118 years old and still hale and hearty.

Miss Georgia Norfleet of Kansas City, who had been missing from home for a week, has been found in Independence, having wandered away while temporarily deranged.

It is estimated that by a hailstorm in Minnesota nearly 15,000 acres of grain were laid low.

Elon J. Skinner committed suicide at Winchester, Ia. He sent for T. A. Roe and the city mashal to come to the cemetery immediately. When they arrived he covered them with a revolver, and after saying he had nothing to live for shot himself through the heart.

The 4-year-old daughter of Anthony Gonys, of Waukegan, Ills., swallowed a dose of strychnine, and died shortly afterwards.

Michael Ahern, a farmer living near Osceola, Ia., shot his little daughter because she allowed pigs to enter the garden. Ahern is in jail, and the girl may die.

President Polk of the Alliance is after Senator Gorman's scalp in Maryland.

W. T. Murphy of the New York Athletic club, made a mile in 2:23 2-5 at Springfield, Mass., on a pneumatic bicycle, beating the American record 2 4-5 seconds.

King Alexander of Servia and his father, ex-King Milan, are visiting President Carnot at Fountainebleau.

A. J. Hill, a prominent citizen of San Antonio, Tex., is missing and his accounts are several thousands short. A notorious woman disappeared with him.

The will of James Russell Lowell has been filed for probate in the Middlesex, Mass., probate office. Nearly all the poet's property is left to his daughter and her children.

Over twenty-five hundred persons bearing the family name Fleming met in Fairmont, W. Va. They are the descendants of three brothers who came to America before the revolutionary war.

James Fox, of Rock Falls, Ia., was caught in a threshing machine at that place and so badly injured that his recovery is impossible.

Governor Winans of Michigan pardoned Samuel Aplin and James McDonald. The former was sent from Genesee county to serve seventeen years for arson, and the latter, who is dying of consumption, from Chippewa county for two and one-half years for burglary.

The cattlemen and head men of the Cherokee Nation have arrived at an agreement whereby the cattle now grazing on the strip will not be disturbed.

The Chilian government cruiser Errazuris has sailed from St. Vincent for Montevido. It is believed she has secured a crew.

Four boys have been arrested for causing fires in the lumber yard in Cleveland.

Jacob Mehl, a German farmer, was gored to death by a mad bull near Northfield, Minn.

Ban Gano, a hotel keeper at Fulton, O., went home intoxicated, quarreled with his wife, and shot her through the body with a shotgun. The woman will probably die. Gano is in jail.

Harvesting is in full operation in North Dakota. The surplus of wheat for export is estimated to be 46,000,000 bushels.

Major McKinley will visit the Ottumwa, Ia., coal palace in September, either the 22d or 23d.

Official reports to the Iowa Christian convention show a gain in the membership of the past year of over 6,000, and twenty-one new churches have been dedicated.

The German emperor took a horseback ride for an hour Wednesday.

Major McKinley is to speak in Cincinnati on Labor day, Sept. 7.

Mount Hood is reported to be in a state of eruption. The Indians of the northwest have traditions that go to show that the mountain was once an active volcano.

Justice Ganzhorn of Kansas City sold his whiskers at auction the other day. The highest bid was $45.

Ex-Senator Ingalls, who was to have sailed for Europe Saturday, has decided to abandon his trip because of his wife's illness.

Senator Voorhees attributes his ill health to the night sessions of the senate last winter.

Near Lincoln, Ills., one of John Green's horses became fastened in a stall and fell. Mrs. Green in seeking to release the horse was knocked down and trampled so badly that she cannot live.

The Italian government has announced that it is obliged to stop the building of the Victor Emmanuel monument on the Capitoline hill, owing to the lack of funds.

A receiver has been appointed for the property of the Southern Lumber company at Atlanta. The company's assets are placed at $300,000, and the liabilities at $125,000.

Lincoln and Duluth have withdrawn from the Western Association Base Ball league, and the remaining four clubs—Omaha, Denver, Sioux City and Kansas City—will play out the season.

The National Welsh Eisteddfod association at Swansea has decided to hold an eisteddfod in Chicago during the World's fair.

Under the auspices of the Trade and Labor assembly at Chicago a crusade has been begun against the sweating system in that city.

Little Ah Gin, the 16-year-old wife of Dr. Chung Sing of Kansas City has given birth to a nine-pound girl.

Charles Carlson of Joliet, Ills., fell from a scaffold fifty feet high while working on the University church in that city and landed on his head. He died while being removed to the hospital.

During the annual picnic of the children of the Coldwater, Mich., public schools at Tibbits park Charles Scott, a boy of 14, was drowned while bathing.

General Russell A. Alger has denied the rumor that Mr. Blaine had told him that he was a candidate for the presidency.

Alverius Gilbert of New Berlin, Wis., hanged himself in his barn. Mr. Gilbert had served two years in the state legislature. His mind had been effected for some time. He was 65 years old

Edward Blair was executed at Columbus, O., for the murder of Arthur Henry, a station agent at Hartsburg, O., in March, 1890.

George and Mary Manning, a couple nearly 60 years old, have been arrested at Council Bluffs, Ia., charged with making 500 counterfeit bills of $10 denomination.

Two shocks of earthquakes have been felt in Jersey county, Ill. The first was Tuesday during a violent storm and the other at 7 o'clock Thursday night.

The 4-year-old son of Martin Wolf, of Macomb, Ill., swallowed the exploded shell of a cartridge and choked to death.

Messrs. Sheidt and Boesch, German missionaries, have been murdered in New Guinea.

The farm house of John Deright, in West Cooper, Mich., was destroyed by fire, and a man, aged 76 years, was cremated. Nearly $100 in currency, and some notes and mortgages, were burned.

Strawberries grow even in cold Alaska, and now is the season for them.

The American Bar Association meets in Boston Aug. 26.

According to expert figures the permanent tramp population of the United States numbers 60,000.

A monument to Chippewa county's dead soldiers will shortly be built and placed in Court House square at Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Lieutenant Rujon of the Alpine Chasseurs, while ascending the Chambeyron peak, fell down a precipice 1,500 feet and was crushed into a pulp.

Peaches and other growing crops in Brown county, Ind., have been seriously damaged by wind and hail storms. Fifty acres of corn in one locality were destroyed.

William Stahl was struck in the back of the head while standing on the top of a freight car passing under a bridge near Idlewood, Ills., and was instantly killed. His home is in Centralia.

Miley Marks, a 7-year-old boy, was playing in a grain elevator at Prattville, Mich., and fell into a wheat bin. Before he could be rescued he was buried under the grain and suffocated.

Miss Anna Dickinson has now a promise of restored health. She has greatly improved mentally and physically.

John E. Williamson, a colored editor of Raleigh, N. C., announces himself as a candidate for congress, on a platform which demands the appropriation by congress of $300 for every negro held in slavery since 1860, the ex-slaves and their former masters to divide the money.

The Rev. Frederick Ralton, the curate of Chelsea, England, is named as a possible successor of Dr. Phillips Brooks to Trinity church, Boston. He is an eloquent preacher.

A farmer near Garden City, Kan., attacked a column of grasshoppers with seventy turkeys, and was soon master of the situation.

Mr. Frederick K. Rindge of Cambridge Mass., has within the last three years given to charitable, religious and municipal institutions more than $3,000,000. He inherited his money.

Delaware farmers who have lost their peach crop expect to make up for it by their sweet potato crop, which will be the largest that was ever raised in the state. They are confident of large profit.

An English lady who died not long since left money to pay for sprinkling Tower Hill, London, daily with ashes and gravel, so as to mitigate its slippery condition for the benefit of horses heavily loaded.

The Chinese do not permit their women to be photographed.

The Empress of Germany is an expert swimmer.

Labouchere promises to visit this country next autumn.

At the ripe age of 81 Senator Morrill of Vermont plays skittles, and gun in hand roams the hills for small game.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 29, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Thos. W. Keene.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — "Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Hallen & Hart.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Yon Yonson."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Two Old Cronies."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Gossoon."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Dark Secret."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets. — "The Patrol."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"Hands Across the Sea."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"K. T.," Watertown, Wis.—By writing to the secretary of the Chicago Board of Education, you may obtain the information you desire. It is entirely beyond our reach.

"B. M'C.," Central Park—The straws you speak of were, so far as we know, sent from house to house in cholera times, about 1833, and had no reference to Irish politics. Innocent Irish people thought they might stop the epidemic, but they didn't. God stopped it, when He thought best.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE IRISH NATIONAL CONVENTION CALLED.

The subjoined was telegraphed by the Associated Press to all the newspapers of America last Tuesday evening:

"LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 25.—President John Fitzgerald, of the Irish National League of America, today issued the following address calling for a convention at Chicago Oct. 1 and 2 next:

"'TO THE MEMBERS OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE AND FRIENDS OF THE IRISH CAUSE IN AMERICA: In compliance with the resolution passed by the National Council of Seven a convention of the Irish National League of America is hereby summoned to meet on Thursday and Friday, the first and second days of October next. Yielding to a very general request, and with the approval of the members of the League in Baltimore, the place of meeting has been changed from that city to Chicago. Chicago will be readily acknowledged as the most central and convenient location for a convention that should be truly representative of the Irish race in America.

"'The present lamentable condition of affairs in the old land, and the falling off of Irish-American support as a direct result of dissension in the ranks of the Irish parliamentary party, are reasons enough to induce lovers of the old cause to come together and devise such measures as they may deem best to counteract and overcome the difficulties we have now to contend with.

"'We have labored too many years to lose courage now, and we have too great interest in the elevation of our race to give way to apathy and indifference or tamely submit to the extinction of our national aspirations.

"'In view of the grave responsibilities devolving upon a convention in the present crisis, it has been deemed wise and expedient to go beyond the lines of the Irish National League of America and invite the co-operation of all lovers of the Irish cause. To this end every existing branch of the Irish National League of America will be entitled to one delegate for every twenty five persons who, between now and the 25th of September next, shall have subscribed $10 to the fund of the League. To still further broaden the representation and stimulate the generosity of patriotic Irish-Americans, every individual who has contributed at one time the the sum of $25 through the national treasurer of the League, or who shall have done so before the 25th day of September next, shall be entitled to the privileges of a delegate to the convention.

"'The objects of the convention are as follows: First, to receive and consider the reports of the present executive of the Irish National League of America; second, to examine into the present and past relations between the League in America and the leaders of the national movement in Ireland, with a view of placing them on a better and more satisfactory basis; third, to revise and amend the constitution of the League where it may be deemed necessary; fourth, to pledge once more our inviolable fidelity to the cause of Irish liberty, and to adopt such measures in support thereof as may be considered wise and justifiable.

"'All who have the cause of Ireland at heart are earnestly requested to make this convention not only a success, but a historical landmark in the progress of the Irish movement. The time has come when we should prove to the world that our moral courage is not inferior to the physical bravery our race has ever displayed upon the battlefield, and that no obstacles, or temporary political defeats, can frighten us from the path our fathers trod before us.

"'We should not abandon the grand old organization which, pledged to no party and acknowledging no faction, has rendered such valuable aid to the Irish cause during the last ten years to embrace newly formed associations, resulting from factional differences, and not representative of a united and progressive Irish nationality. The cause is above men, and the organization is not, and should not be, held responsible for the shortcomings of individuals. It has proved an important factor in the cause of Home Rule, and should be maintained until the imperishable principles of Irish independence are recognized by the world, and shall in their happy fruition bring peace and joy to Irish hearts and homes.

JOHN FITZGERALD.
President of the Irish National League of America.'"

There is no question about the eternal fitness of Chicago, as a convention city. Baltimore is very well in its way, but its hotel accomodation is limited when compared with that of Chicago. Central Music Hall—an admirable place for such a purpose—has been secured for Thursday and Friday, Oct. 1 and 2 next, day and evening. The terms of membership in the convention are liberal beyond dispute, and THE CITIZEN is of opinion that a general gathering of the Irish race is necessary at this moment, when the cause of Ireland has reached a most important crisis. It is to be hoped that those who may attend the convention will come there determined to say or do nothing that may further widen the breach that now yawns between warring elements of the Irish people. Persons who have grievances to air should remain away, but, as indicated by President Fitzgerald, the fullest latitude will be allowed in the discussion of the acts of the executive during its incumbency.

Societies should be careful to send their most experienced and intelligent members as delegates, and mere personal popularity should cut no figure in their choice. It is not too much to say that the eyes of world—and particularly of the English-speaking world—will be fixed on the convention, for its action will very plainly indicate the attitude of the Irish race in America toward the future of the movement for Irish self-government in Great Britain and Ireland. Out of it may spring a moral power of irresistible strength, because backed by a reserve of physical force which circumstances may speedily render formidable to the enemies of Irish liberty. The convention should be largely attended, and THE CITIZEN feels confident that it will be It is time that the voice of the Irish in America should again be heard in convention assembled. It has been silent since 1886.

NO TAMPERING WITH THE MILITIA OF THE STATES.

A few gentlemen, in both civil and military life, have been advocating the establishment in this country of a national militia, which would be practically a standing army. Of late years our State militia forces have been drilled by regular army officers, and their efficiency has been wonderfully increased thereby. There has been also a good deal done in the way of uniforming them after the style of the regulars, and in giving them arms of the regulation pattern. All this is well and good, but no man who truly loves America, and who has had experience of standing armies in foreign countries, would willingly allow the movement to proceed much further. Even such a high military authority as Major-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, of the regular army, is opposed to the plan, as will be seen by the following extract from a recent interview published in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*: "I do not believe," said the General, "in consolidating the State troops and forming them into practically a standing army of 100,000 men and placing them under the control of whoever may be secretary of war. Such a measure, in my judgment, would be ill-advised and dangerous."

Few sensible Americans, of any party, will differ from the views expressed by Gen. Miles on the subject. THE CITIZEN is aware that its old friend, Col. Phocion Howard, is a great advocate of a national militia. If the Colonel does not think the country, in times of profound peace, sufficiently guarded already, let him advocate the increase of the regular army to fifty or a hundred thousand men. Congress could always control the regulars, but as for the militia they had better be absolutely controlled by the respective States, unless an exigency like that of the rebellion or a foreign war should arise. Then no patriotic citizen would object to their being enrolled as United States volunteers for warlike purposes. It is well, however, that the militia of the several States should wear a uniform as nearly as possible similar to that of the national army; that their drill and discipline should be the same as those of the regulars, and that their arms and ammunition should be of the same pattern and calibre.

GEN. MILES AND JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The friends of Gen. Nelson A. Miles are angry that that able soldier should be saddled by certain designing newspapers with the responsibility of having placed the late Jefferson Davis in irons, when that famous personage was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe after the surrender of the rebel armies. The truth is that Gen. Miles acted under orders from Washington, and had little or no discretion in the matter. The gentle Lincoln had been succeeded by the mercurial, and often violent, Johnson, and the latter, for the time being, placed himself in the hands of Edwin M. Stanton—a great war secretary, but a fierce and mischievous politician. Gen. Miles was a very young man—almost a boy, in fact—when Jefferson Davis was placed under his charge. Had he been older, and more experienced, he would have, doubtless, assumed the risk of disobeying the brutal order from Stanton, especially, as it is alleged, it was not arbitrary in its terms. At that period the people of the North were greatly inflamed against Mr. Davis, and all the promoters of the great rebellion, and they permitted the commission of acts which the American people of today would regard with horror. The desire for vengeance ran riot for a time, but soon the good sense of the triumphant section asserted itself, and the great republic abstained from staining its hands in the blood of those who had imperilled its existence. Thus it achieved a greater victory over its own passions than it achieved over its militant foes at Gettysburg, Vicksburg or Appomattox. The noble minded Grant set the example of magnanimity, and the country, more slowly, became magnanimous also. The placing of Jefferson Davis in chains was an unnecessary act of brute force, and reflects no credit on its authors. Cruelty to vanquished foes is ever the sign of bad hearts and of small minds. But it would be the height of injustice to place the responsibility of that brutal act on the gallant Miles, whose generous treatment, in after years, of the vanquished Sioux and the captured Nez Perces, showed him to be as humane as he is brave.

ENGLISH JEALOUSY OF AMERICA.

Notwithstanding all the fine promises of England regarding what she is going to do at the World's Fair, the press of that country never loses an opportunity of attacking American interests, when there is the slightest chance of their colliding with the interests of Great Britain. Thus, the splendid project of a trunk line of railroad to unite by means of the iron horse the North and South American continents, arouses the ire and scorn of the English editors, and particularly the editor of the London *Times*, as will be seen from the following cablegram:

LONDON, Aug. 25.—"The *Times* today publishes a three column article upon the projected inter-continental railway which, when completed, will link the South and Central American republics with each other and with the United States. In discussing these plans, the *Times* expresses the opinion that Mr. James G. Blaine, the United States secretary of state, is 'a man of grandiose ideas, and if, as seems quite possible, he is the next president, there will be some chance of realizing the scheme.'

"Continuing, the *Times* says that 'the project aims to join the markets of North and South America, but there is no place for a general commercial system even in the relations between the several republics. The railroad, when completed, would have to compete with the great waterways on either side of the continent. From Buenos Ayres to New York and from Valparaiso to San Francisco, the existing means of travel are simpler and cheaper than they could ever be made on a railroad. It is obvious that the scheme equally has political as well as commercial ends in view. To join the north and South American republics, even though the first outward sign of union will be nothing but an iron rail, with the supreme center of the republican government at Washington, is a conception of captivating magnitude.'

"The *Times* also asserts that the recent proposals on the part of the United States, looking to the establishment of reciprocity with the various republics of the continent, were generally received by the countries to which overtures were made, as specimens of absolutely cynical Anglo-Saxon selfishness, and that the proposals created a profound distrust in American bargains. Touching upon the question as to where the capital is to be found for the enormous enterprises, the *Times* expresses the opinion that it cannot be found in the needy Southern republics, and that it must be raised in the United States. The latter would be obliged to guarantee the interests on the cost of construction, and there is a strong conviction that the United States would recoup itself for this guarantee at the expense of the republics further south. Many people of practical opinion, the *Times* says, believe that the scheme will never be realized. The price demanded by the United States for guaranteeing the bonds of the railroad would be in commercial and political concessions which the other republics could not grant. The United States is regarded as the rival of England, and as the states of the southern half of the continent were developed by English capital, there exists an important party which will regard any step toward closer commercial and political relations with the United States as a step away from an old and trusted friend."

It is really amusing to observe how easily the *Times* can change its tune from Anglo Saxon insolence to assumed Anglo-Saxon philanthropy, when it comes down to a commercial transaction. According to it, the United States would exact its pound of flesh for every dollar advanced to promote South American enterprises, while England is pictured as an old and trusted friend! The editor of the *Times* seems to forget how readily England jumped on Mexico in 1861-2 for overdue bonds, and how she called off her dogs of war only when the debt was guaranteed or satisfied by the Mexican government. Then, there is the case of Egypt, whose "old and trusted friend" England has been for very many years. She, too, got into England's debt, and, with her usual "old and trusted" friendship, England seized upon her soil, in order to secure the English bondholders and to keep open the route to India. England's attitude toward Chili is easily explained by her commercial interests. The rebels against Balmaceda control the export from the nitrate beds, just as the rebels against the United States controlled the export of cotton, with this difference, that our government was able to blockade the rebel ports, while Balmaceda's government has not yet attained to that condition, although it may within a very short time. The singing of a song of virtue by the London *Times* must cause the devil to be mirthful, because England and that personage understand each other thoroughly.

Meanwhile, THE CITIZEN earnestly hopes that the projected inter continental railroad may come to a head. No project is too vast for the commerce of the Americas, of which the United States is the chief factor. It will be a great day for the cis Atlantic world when Boston, New York, Chicago and San Francisco touch hands with Guatemala, Brazil, the Argentine and the other Central and South American states by means of the projected railroad. The "old and trusted friend" may whine and howl all she pleases. The United States is bound to "get there," and if England wants to gull nations to whom she can lend money at ruinous rates of interest, and then, failing the interest, foreclose on their independence, as in the case of Egypt, she must find other fields for her greedy and crooked enterprise than the Western World, whether North or South.

THE BENNINGTON MONUMENT.

Almost every paper in America has had something to say about the Bennington, Vt., battle monument, which was dedicated the other day in that historic place. All of them acknowledged that it was the military genius of John Stark which won the battle, crippled Burgoyne, and led to the surrender of that general and his forces some months later at Saratoga. But hardly a paper thought it worth while to mention that Gen. John Stark's father was born in Ireland, and was the worthy sire of such a son. In this connection it may be added that the fathers of Anthony Wayne, John Sullivan, Joseph Warren, the two Clintons, and several other illustrious Revolutionary generals, were also born in Ireland; and that Major General Richard Montgomery, Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, and Commodore John Barry, generally called "Saucy Jack Barry," were born there themselves. It is well to keep these important facts in mind.

A CREED OF HORROR.

An old friend of the late Hon. Herman Raster, speaking at the obsequies of the great German editor, held recently in this city, said that Mr. Raster was an agnostic, who wished only in death for perfect peace—eternal sleep. There may be a great deal of quiescent beauty in "eternal sleep," but it is a very common kind of heaven—sticks and stones possess it in perfection. All inanimate nature possesses the boon of eternal sleep in its most ample plentitude, and yet inanimate nature, could it think or feel or see, would be made happy by the contemplation of its own beauty. What a horrible future is that of the agnostic—eternal sleep! A deathly stupor, which would condemn the eternal soul to the charnel companionship of the corrupting body! Better hell itself, with all its word-pictured torments, than such a fate. How much grander the creed that bravely teaches the survival of the spirit! Rats live. Snakes live. Snails live. They die and rot. Have they language, literature, affections? Is man, when dead, no better than a rat, a snake or a snail?

Is this the agnostic philosophy represented by the late Mr. Raster, who had a mind so much above the common, and who, after all, found comfort in contemplating an eternal sleep? Mr. Raster's soul has, doubtless, before this found out to the contrary. Divested of its fleshly dress, it now wanders around among crowds of other ghosts whose bodies presumptuously believed that they saw the end of everything, and who erred, like the ancients who believed that the world was flat, and that they beheld all there was in the creation. Mr. Raster was a man of great intellect, and he had a spirit capable of wearing out many bodies even more stalwart than his own. Even the transmigration theory of Pythagoras is a pleasant contemplation beside that of utter extinction. The Greeks and the Romans, who worshipped graven images, had still a fanciful idea of a hereafter and a heaven. There was a ray of light—faint though it was—beyond the tomb. But what man with any respect for humanity, its capabilities and possibilities, can say—"Behold the black and sodden grave. See the earth shoveled on the coffin. Behold the gravedigger tramp down the greedy soil, which swallows up the form that we loved. There is no resurrection and after life. This is the end of all!"

From such a horrible belief, or unbelief, may God deliver the human race! Better the golden calf of the desert. Better the worship of the sun and the moon, the bird of the air, the fish of the sea, the beast of the field—anything that represents the idea of life present or to come than the hideous philosophy which scoffs at worship and says "This is the end," when the scythe of death descends. Shine out, fair Star of Bethlehem, for never, in any age, was thy radiance more needed than in this day of enlightenment which too often fails to enlighten!

MILITARY KNOWNOTHINGISM.

The Chicago *Evening Journal* in a recent issue, hinted that the regular army would send recruiting parties through the country in order to enlist the able bodied truly rurality into its ranks, thereby making the army "American." There is a good deal of fresh insolence in the manner in which the word American is often used. The regular army, which virtually conquered Mexico, which bore an honorable part in the suppression of the rebellion, and which subjugated the warlike Indian tribes, was, surely, "American" enough for all purposes, even if it was, and is, mostly made up of Irishmen and Germans, or their sons. The "country boy" fad is now in full blast in army circles. Nobody knows better than the American army officer the great value of the Irish and the Germans as fighters and campaigners. THE CITIZEN had hoped that the regular army, at least, would escape the Knownothing leprosy, but it seems to be in the air and it, for the present, affects everything it touches. The Anglo-Americans, or those who pretend to be Anglo-Americans, are becoming too offensive in their assumptions. The fact is, the republic owes its existence quite as much to European sympathy and active assistance as to alleged Native American patriotism. The Tories of the Revolution were Native Americans almost to a man, and their descendants are Nativists and Knownothings today.

A REVIEW OF RALEIGH.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is a writer the prettiness of whose verses is widely appreciated. Her prose sketches, distinguished by a poetic, richly adjectived diction, an amiable disposition to make the best of everything and everyone she writes about, and a fine enthusiasm for the older English poets and heroes, have made her name a favorite one among magazine readers.

Some months ago she visited Ireland and spent a portion of her time in Youghal. The old town abounds in memories of Elizabethan and Cromwellian worthies, and the imagination of the poetess was fired by the thought of "magnificent Raleigh" in the place which was long and memorably his home. It is doubtful, of course, whether Youghal and its "one street" and "caubeened critics," as Miss Guiney describes them, would have been honored with her visit and the account of the same in the *Atlantic Monthly*, if it had been without its associations with the romantic Devonshire adventurer and his poet friend, Spenser of the Faerie Queene.

She writes in an enviably sprightly vein of some of these associations. The butchery of Smerwick, Nov. 10, 1580, for instance, is thus dealt with: "He (Raleigh) was at Smerwick Castle at the never-to-be forgotten surrender, when the six hundred natives, cheated of their amnesty, then hanged and sworded, were laid out upon the sands, women and men." A few of the authorities in England were horrified at the terrible work, but the queen wrote that "it was greatly to our likeing." "Capt. Raleigh," adds Miss Guiney, "who was well able to play to such a cirque, pursued his little game vehemently. In 1581 he was once more in the serener air, sunning himself in the sovereign smiles of the cleverest woman ever he was likely to know," etc. A light way enough of treating a story whose horror even now chills one's blood. One can hear the heart-rending "Misericordia! Misericordia!" of the women in the blockaded fort, see the white flag—their prayer for pity—floating from the loop hole, hear the lord deputy's voice bidding the beleagured men to lay down their arms and come forth, a sign that the prayer for truce was accepted.

Don Bastian and his officers gave themselves up as prisoners, whereupon, says Hooker, "Capt. Raleigh, together with Capt. Macworth, who had the ward of that day, entered into the castle and made a great slaughter." The number so savagely butchered is told by Holinshed: "The fort was yielded, all the Irish men and women hanged, and more than four hundred Spaniards, Italians and Biscaies put to the sword, the officers being 'saved for ransom.'" Truly he was "magnificent Raleigh." A meet idol for the children of Irish emigrants in a free land!

The poetess has much sympathy for Sir Walter in the treatment he received at the hands of canny Richard Boyle, the "Great Earl" of Cork, ancestor of the Duke of Devonshire, the owner, today, of Raleigh's old possessions. Boyle, by more than one mean trick, secured Raleigh's lands, but the latter had himself obtained the property by the most cruel blood-spilling and despicable scheming and fraud. To the ousted Geraldines and Barrys and Roches it doubtless seemed only poetic justice that he, who had resorted to all manner of treachery and brutality to enrich himself, should be despoiled of his ill gotten gains by one as unscrupulous His supplications and prayers to the stony Boyle would have been as sweet music to ears that had heard the hard-wrung groans of the brave Archbishop O'Hurley, of Cashel. O'Hurley, suspected of "rebel" leanings, was summoned to be "examined" by the lords justices who, to their annoyance, found themselves without a rack or the other instruments of "examination." But Raleigh was an ingenious man, and it was with a feeling of great triumph he wrote to Cecil that they had surmounted the difficulty by "toasting Hurley's feet against the fire in hot boots" which, on being pulled off, drew the roasted flesh with them!

There is no "red lime light of romance full upon" Raleigh's memory in Youghal. Whatever light there is, is a charnel light—through the miasmal, deadly glare of corpse-strewn places he is always seen, no gallant figure, but a lank, greedy, hyena-hearted adventurer, a hypocrite in his devotion to the brutal queen, a ferocious, shameless savage in his dealings with the people of the country into which he came as a land pirate, a whining, sniffling entreator for mercy to the other cutthroat who was sharper than he, a "base, bloody and brutal Saxon" to the core of his bad, black heart! That was magnificent Raleigh as he appears to "the caubeened critics of Youghal" (some of them wear tolerable hats, though, occasionally). But Raleigh, Miss Guiney repeats for us, was good enough to say, when the home of the Youghal monks was secularized to his use, that he should like the house because it reminded him of his old home in Devonshire. And he brought wall-flowers from the Azores and planted them at the Broad of Lisahmore to remind him of his friend, Sir Richard Grenville. "How winning in him," rapturously exclaims the poetess, "were these sudden tendernesses." Pooh!

But to Miss Guiney after all "the true boast of the Warden's house at Youghal, its sober and abiding charm is its intimate association with Edmund Spenser, the child of peace." Yes, indeed. And it was Spenser, this very child of peace, who, in recommending a plan to the Earl of Essex for the pacification of Ulster and Connaught, then fighting under Hugh O'Neill, suggested that the land should be laid waste, as was Munster under Lord Grey and his helpers—Raleigh not the least active among them. "In one year and a half," says Spenser, "they (the people of Munster) were brought to such wretchedness as any stony heart would have rued the sight. Out of every corner of the woods and glynns they came forth on their hands, for their legs could not bear them—they looked like anatomies of death and spoke like ghosts crying out of the grave; they flocked to a plot of watercresses as to a feast, though it afforded them small nourishment, and ate dead carrion, happy when they could find it, and soon after scraped the very carcasses out of the graves." So much for *that* "child of peace." Time brought its revenges in his case too. His grandson, Peregrine, besought Cromwell in vain for a return of the Spenser lands. And thus the Blackwater has been spared the further defilement of the living beside it of this black brood.

Miss Guiney airily winds up her sketch by declaring that in the scene of his Irish exploits she "forgets" all the woe that Raleigh wrought. "Nay," says she, "the thing is like a panorama, all we see or care to see is the leafy Blackwater road and the incomparable rider," etc., that is all we see, eh? What blessed shortness of vision!

Ireland's measure of grievances is an overflowing one, and the hereditary enemy across the channel is not the only foe to her well-being and dignity. She is the unhappy mother of children who have no scruple in making of her, in her decrepitude and forlornness, a laughing stock and a gibe; of children who not alone remember without bitterness her killing wrongs, but who are eager even to officiousness, in making heroes of her wrongers; who will not leave the glorification of even Raleigh to English hands, but who attempt it themselves, and on the very spot accursed and darkened by the enduring effects of his crimes. No other blood than hers flows in the veins of those who go back to her, and with no reverence or love, but with abject, degraded truckling to ever-smouldering Anglo-Saxon hatred, with a mean shame in their hearts that they are of her race, and a conviction that by being loudest in the laugh at her their kinship will be overlooked—refer to her rags and tatters and "caubeens" and all the other things that have so long been the stock in trade of Anglo-Saxon writers and their imitators on Ireland. J. M. CROTTIE.

"Weak and weary," describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by disease or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed to build up and strengthen the body, purify and quicken the sluggish blood, and restore the lost appetite.

MATER DOLOROSA.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Still she sitteth as of old beside the shore,
Where the blue mists, round her creeping,
Find our widowed mother weeping—
All the hopes she cherished sleeping evermore.

Eternal as the hills her tale of woe—
'Tis the same sad, tearful story;
Dimmed is all her pristine glory,
And her skies have grown as hoary as the snow.

Year by year hath found her still a stricken slave—
All her chains more closely riven,
And her dreams like lights at even,
Lost within the sight of heaven o'er the wave.

Year by year the bone and sinew of the land,
Vainly for their heirloom crying,
O'er the ocean wildly flying,
Westward o'er their path are hieing from her strand.

And the clearance shall go on beneath her skies,
Blood drops from her heart's core welling
With the razing of each dwelling,
Till the bell of doom starts knelling, and she dies!

Oh, triumphant is the alien's fraud and guile,
And, alas, the spell is broken
That had once in pride awoken
Manly truths by martyrs spoken o'er the isle!

Poor and friendless, sad, forsaken art thou, Queen!
Gone is all thine ancient luster,
And no more thy clansmen muster
In a fond and loving cluster round the Green.

Pity for thee through long cycles of the sea,
Where the hand of fate hath bound thee,
Where the gathering clouds surround thee,
W aving gruesome shrouds around thee. Peace to thee!

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

The indemnity fund for the Cork *Herald* is a failure. The age of miracles has passed. The archbishop's £5 has not increased and multiplied.

P. W. Nally will be released sometime in October.

McCarthy's messenger, Mr. Cox, has met with no success in Australia. The Sydney *Truth* advises him to go home. "Go home, Mr. Cox," it says, "and pray to be forgiven before it is too late." In the words of the poet, "Fox and Cox have gathered no 'rocks.'"

The *Irish Monthly* for August is hardly up to its usual standard. For one thing we miss for the first time in years the gracefully ingenious allusions to R M. Regarding the quotation which the reverend editor attributes to Mr. Lowell we beg to say that it occurs in one of the best known poems of Bret Harte. We would also venture to remind our esteemed contemporary that it was Mr. Harte who wrote "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is peculiar."

Edward McCaffrey, one of the Invincibles, was released from Mountjoy prison recently.

A very lovely poem entitled "Leave Taking to William O'Brien" by Miss U.A. Taylor, appeared in *United Ireland* recently. Here is a verse:

Within our door is place for no newcomer
Since you have left us. You are bound
For lands sunlit with gleam of ripening summer,
Night's frozen circle rings us round.

Black blight has also appeared on the potatoes. Bad luck to faction!

John Brennan, aged 19 years, from Churchtown, was charged at Athy with having abducted Ellen Donnelly, aged 17 years. He was returned for trial.

Mr. J. McNamara, telegraphist and senior assistant, has been obliged, owing to failing health, to resign his position at Claremorris postoffice. Mr. McNamara was also engaged at the Carlow and Cashel offices.

Guinness & Co., the well known Dublin brewers, paid the government £525,000 in excise duties last year.

The Tipperary *News* says: "On Sunday last the priests of Thurles adopted the very charitable course of closing the cathedral immediately after divine service presumably with the express purpose of preventing the Parnellites visiting the House of God and insulting the people of Thurles. A similar proceeding was had recourse to when the remains of the Irish patriot, Charles J. Kickham, arrived in Thurles some years ago. Both performances, it is to be presumed, were resorted to in the interests of morality! The Kickham transaction has been condemned by the voice of the people of Ireland. Time, the great historian of the future, will tell whether the scandal to which we now draw attention. There is one thing certain, the Parnellites of the town of Thurles subscribed more towards the erection of the sacred edifice than those by whose orders, or at least whose suggestion, it was closed on Sunday last. What a pity things like this should occur, and in a country too (no matter what political differences might exist) which is Catholic to the marrow."

A man named Thomas Reilly was arrested on Arran quay, Dublin, for drunkenness. When brought to the police station it was found neccessary to bring him to Richmond Hospital. On arriving there he was in a comatose condition. A stomach pump had to be used, and a large quanty of porter was taken from his stomach. He was also given an emetic, and he vomited a half sovereign. A pound note was found in one of his boots.

Peter Maher, the Irish champion pugilist, has challenged Pritchard, who recently defeated Smith and thereby became entitled to the championship of England.

On the 8th inst. the butter merchants of Tipperary evacuated the William O'Brien Arcade in New Tipperary, and went back to business on the old premises on the the Smith Barry property. The monthly cattle fair was also held in the old place.

One of the saddest cases connected with the DuBedat bankruptcy proceedings is that of Mrs. Lowery, a widow residing at Glasnevin. Her story, as related at the police court, is a pitiful one. Her life's share amounted £1,800, which she confidingly intrusted to the bankrupt to invest for her. On the proceeds she and her daughter lived in comparative comfort until the crash came, when, as counsel for the crown said, she was made almost a pauper. Much sympathy is felt for her, and even the bankrupt, who has exhibited considerable nonchalance throughout, did not hear her evidence unmoved.

The Most Rev. Dr. Conway has made the following changes: Rev. Father Boyle, C.C, from Belmullet to Backs; Rev. Father Naughten, C.C., from Kilcommon to Belmullet, and Rev. Father Hegarty (late of Maynooth) to Kilcommon.

On July 26 the Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, bishop of Achonry, installed the Very Rev. M. D. Staunton as parish priest of Swinford, and also, as the representative of the Holy See, conferred upon him the signal honor of Doctor of Divinity.

On the 18th ult. Mrs. Margaret Scanlon, of Curraas, and Mrs. Mary Scanlon of the same place, received the sum of £5,138 15s each, bequeathed to them by their sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary J. O'Connor, who died in San Francisco a year ago. The deceased lady by her will bequeathed other large sums to relatives in Kerry, besides leaving considerable amounts to religious institutions in San Francisco, U S A., and elsewhere. Mrs Margaret Scanlon is the mother of the Rev. B. Scanlon, C. C., of Boherbee, and of the Rev. James Scanlan, C.C, Droumtariffe. The other friends of the deceased lady who have received bequests are Maurice O'Connor, of Farran, her brother in law, Patrick O'Connor of Castleisland, Farran, and Mrs. Fleming, her sister-in law, who received £3,000 each.

Mr. Charles Hallison was charged at Sligo petty sessions with the manslaughter of Anne Ormsby. The accused was riding down the street when his horse got restive and struck the woman, from the shock of which she died. Informations were refused by the magistrates.

The annual Sarsfield celebration at Limerick has been postponed until Sunday, Oct. 4.

Two hundred men struck work on the Clifden section of the Galway & Clifden railway. The standing wages has been 15s per week. They now demand 18s.

Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, bishop of Achonry, has appointed the Very Rev. M. D. Canon Staunton, D.D., P.P., to the pastoral charge of Swinford in succession to the late lamented Dean Finn.

Miss Cusack, the well known "Nun of Kenmare," has arrived in London from America. It is said she proposes to deliver a series of Protestant lectures in the provinces of England during the coming autumn and winter.

The Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, bishop of Cloyne, has made the following ecclesiastical changes in his diocese: Rev Thos. Madigan, C.C., Castlemartyr, to be C. C., Queenstown; Rev M. B. Kennedy, C.C, Meelin, to be C.C., Castlemartyr; Rev M. Brew, from the North of Ireland Mission, to be C.C., Meelin; Rev. C. Corbett, C.C., Banteer, to be C. C., Charleville; and the Rev. G. Tuohy, C. C., Charleville, to be C.C, Banteer.

At Kildysart petty sessions the Rev. John George McKenna, C. C, living at Cranny, and two others were summoned for assault. Michael Morgan, sworn, stated he was in the act of bowling on Sunday evening, June 21, with a crowd of persons on the road. Father McKenna, with whom Morgan had been on friendly terms, came up and said, "Bowl away, tailor, though you are only a breeches maker." Morgan retorted in a defiant manner, and Father McKenna hit him three blows with a stick, which knocked im down, and while on the ground Morgan swore he received two kicks. Witnesses swore that Morgan was drunk, and that he used frightful names, calling the priest "Balfour's spy" and "bailiff," and that the priest did not strike, but merely advised him to go home. Father McKenna was fined 21s in each case. The other defendants were fined 5s each.

The London *Daily News* assures the McCarthyites that they are the best of the Irish party. No doubt they are—in the opinion of the English Whigs. Referring to their treatment of Mr. Parnell, it says that they "have sent him adrift without any influence for good either in Ireland or Great Britain." What that paper calls "good" in political matters every honest Irishman has been in the habit of considering bad.

Mr. W. L. Micks, local government inspector, held an inquiry at Oldcastle Union into a scheme proposed by the guardians for the erection of eighty three laborers cottages. A laborer named King said his house was so wet that if he hung his coat on the wall in the morning the water would be dropping from it before night. The inspector asked, "Why do you hang your coat on the wall then?" whereupon Mr. Clarke (for the guardians) said he supposed if it was put on the floor it would be washed away.

At the Cork ass'zes Thomas Casey was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor, for stealing a revolver from a gamekeeper near Brosna, county Kerry.

McCarthy's support in Ballingarry is confined to two old women. Times have changed in Ballingarry. We thought there were a great many old women in that town judging from the figure it cut in '48

The suppressed literary society of Ballyduff has received a communication from the author of the famous poem which has caused so much excitement in that town—that he would destroy the manuscript provided the society would pay him £500. Prof. Freeney, Araglen, scouted the proposition, saying that the entire work was not worth 500 "keenogues." The author will have the poem translated into Gaelic to avoid its being placed on the Index as it is understood in Ballyduff that the Pope and cardinals do not understand Irish.

There is every prospect of having a plentiful harvest in the Killarney locality. All the cereals are promising. The hay crop, though only half the average produce, is good and a great quantity of it is well saved. The potato crop is very fine, and turnips are going on well.

The death of Mr. J. Echlin Ward late manager of the Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland, who retired through ill health some months ago, is announced.

The Gort Board of Guardians have set an example well worthy of imitation by other boards of the county. They have begun to speak Gaelic at their discussions.

A woman named Margaret Elliott has just died near Enniskillen at the advanced age of 108 years.

Deep and widespread regret is felt at the death of the venerated pastor of Moycarky, the Rev. John Burke, who died at his residence on Aug. 2. He was the oldest priest in the archdiocese of Cashel. For fifty years he was parish priest, and had reached the venerable age of 82 years. Father Burke belonged to one of the oldest and most respected families in Tipperary, and was nephew of the late Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, bishop of Limerick. Some time ago he retired owing to enfeebled health.

We record with regret the death of the Rev. J. Kelly, the zealous and indefatigable pastor of Ardpatrick.

The interment of the Rev. Patrick O'Reilly, P. P., of Fenagh, took place on Aug. 1 at the parish chapel of Fenagh in the presence of a large and respectable congregation both of his own parishioners and those in the adjoining districts. The deceased was born at Callanagh Park, county Longford, in 1834, and was in his 57th year when he died.

On the evening of Aug. 15, hundreds of invalids gathered at the chapel of Knock. The deaf, the dumb, the blind and the halt, the paralytic, were all at the chapel which is supposed to be specially blessed by and favored of the Virgin Mary, and her festival, of all others in the year is the one on which cases of miraculous healing are supposed to occur. The gathering this year was unusually large at the "Shrine of Knock."

The football championship of West Waterford was won by the Dungarvan team after an excellent contest with the sturdy footballers of Kinsalebeg. The winning team scored five points, and their opponents three.

In the semi final ties for the championship of the Queen's county Moyanna defeated Rathaniak.

It Westmeath the Ballinahoun club defeated the Fox Cover Rangers by a good score.

HOLYCROSS ABBEY.

BY B. SIMMONS.

The Cistercians Abbey of Holy Cross, county Tipperary, was founded in the year 1181 by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick and North Munster. It was regarded through Western Europe with peculiar veneration, and for three hundred years was favored by the pilgrimages of noble and illustrious persons of both sexes. At the confiscation of the religious houses and lands, Queen Elizabeth granted the Abbey and its dependencies to Gerald, Earl of Ormond. Its present ruins attest its former magnificence. Here are the noble remains of the gorgeous church, with its mullioned windows, canopied niches, perforated piscinae, and elaborate sepulchres, dispersed through the nave, transepts and side aisles. Here also may be traced the rich sacristy, the strong muniment house—the frugal kitchen—the solemn chapter house—the studious cloisters, and the sequestered Abbot's quarters But all is now a dreary ruin and a wide waste; where deeper silence reigns than that prescribed by the conventual discipline of the twelfth century.

"From the high sunny headlands of Bere in the west,
To the bowers that by Shannon's blue waters are blest,
I am master unquestion'd and absolute"—said
The lord of broad Munster—King Donald the Red—
"And now that my ceptre's no longer the sword,
In the wealthiest vale my dominions afford,
I will build me a temple of praise to that Power
Who buckler'd my breast in the battle's dread hour."
He spoke—it was done—and with pomp such as glows
Round a sunrise in summer that Abbey arose.
There sculpture, her miracles lavish'd around,
Until stone spoke a worship diviner than sound.

There from matins to midnight the censers were swaying,
And from matins to midnight the people were praying;
As a thousand Cistercians incessantly raised
Hosannas round shrines that with jewelry blazed;
While the palmer from Syria—the pilgrim from Spain,
Brought their offerings alike to the far-honor'd fane;
And, in time, when the wearied O'Brien laid down
At the feet of Death's Angel his cares and his crown,
Beside the high altar a canopied tomb
Shed above his remains its magnificent gloom,
And in Holycross Abbey high masses were said,
Thorough the lapse of long ages, for Donald the Red.

In the days of my musings, I wander'd alone,
To this Fane that had flourish'd ere Norman was known;
And its drear desolation was saddening to see,
For its towers, were an emblem, O Erin, of thee!
All was glory in ruins—below and above—
From the traceried turret that shelter'd the dove,
To the cloisters dim stretching in distance away,
Where the fox skulks at twilight in quest of his prey.
Here soar'd the vast chancel superbly alone,
While pillar and pinnacle moulder'd around—
There, the choir's richest fretwork in dust overthrown,
With corbel and chapiter "cumber'd the ground."

O'er the porphyry shrine of the Founder all riven,
No lamps glimmer'd now but the cressets of heaven—
From the tombs of crusader, and abbot and saint,
Emblazonry, scroll, and escutcheon were rent;
While usurping their banners' high places, o'er all
The Ivy—dark mourner—suspended her pall.
With a deeper emotion the spirit would thrill
In beholding wherever the winter and rain
Swept the dust from the relics it cover'd—that still
Some hand had religiously glean'd them again.
Then I turned from the scene, as I mournfully said—
"God's rest to the soul of King Donald the Red."

Literary Notes.

The *New England Magazine* for September is rather notable on account of the great increase in the number of its illustrations. Although in a different field, and in no sense a rival of the *Cosmopolitan*, the Boston magazine is every month broadening its scope, and paying more attention to its art department than formerly.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine, for September, has a good table of contents. Among the articles are: The Boston *Herald* on Parochial Schools; Archbishop Ireland's Address on Prize Fighting, which should be read by all bruisers and their followers; Consecration of Rt. Rev. Bishop Brady; Parochial School, the Donation of a Protestant; The Great Church of Montmartre; Irish-American Encampment; Father Mollinger, the Miracle Worker; Kildoona, a Charming Irish Story is continued; The Catholic Church and the Jews.

The September issue of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* is a "woman's number" so far as the authorship of its articles is concerned, but the general interest of the periodical is sustained by the variety and timeliness of the topics treated. The opening article, on Edouard Detaille is by Lady Dilke, and is profusely and beautifully illustrated with reproductions of the famous artist's most noteworthy paintings. A Forgotten City, by Eleanor Lewis, is a romantic description of the ruins of Soluntum. Maimaison in the Market, by Mary Bacon Ford, describes the waning fortunes of the house celebrated for the residence there of the ill-fated Empress Josephine. Julia Hayes Percy describes the Ladies' New York club. Elizabeth Bisland writes of Tattersall's the great London horse market. Molly Elliott Seawell contributes "The Romance of Count Konigsmark," and the Countess Ilia Norraikow writes of Woman's Share in Russian Nihilism, her article being illustrated with portraits of many fair conspirators.

The *Arena* for September is as usual fully abreast with the advanced thought of the times.

CASUALTIES IN IRELAND.

Considerable sensation was caused in Clonmel recently by the intelligence that Mr. P. N. Hayes, a respectable trader of Tipperary, had died suddenly in Clonmel jail, where he had been confined, having been arrested in Tipperary in connection with the Smith Barry injunction. Mr. Hayes, who was a prominent member of the tenants' movement, leaves a wife and family. He was quite a young man and of fine appearance.

A fatal accident in the cricket field occurred recently near Gurteen House, the residence of Mr. Percy Bickwell, a few miles from Birr. Some of Mr. Bickwell's servants were playing cricket. The ball struck the butler, Edwin Wade, on the head. Dr. Stoney, of Birr, was sent for, but when he arrived Wade was unconscious, and shortly afterwards died.

A fatal and melancholy accident occurred recently in Tuam, resulting in the death of a respectable country man named Nicholson. The deceased was drawing turf from the bog of Cloonascragh into the town, when the horse passing over the railroad bridge—the first near the town—took fright at the approach of the train and ran away. The man who was driving was at the time sitting on the side of the cart—on the shaft—as is usual, and from the speed and force with which the animal suddenly started he was thrown off and fell with great force on the hard road. He received a severe cut on the left side of the head from the fall. When assistance was rendered the unfortunate man was found to be dead. Some kind country people did all they could to aid and restore consciousness, but their efforts were unavailing.

A melancholy death occurred recently in Galway. A very fine young man named Patrick Harlowe, a stucco plasterer, and an excellent workman, burst a vein in his leg and shortly afterwards died from loss of blood.

As Constables King and Booth, of Clonmel, were in the act of arresting, on the old bridge, a prisoner for drunkenness, recently, the former sudenly fell and expired in a few minutes. The prisoner, it appears, resisted arrest. Deceased had been suffering from heart disease, and it is thought the over exertion and excitement consequent upon the arrest, brought about his sad demise. Deceased leaves a widow and five children. The coroner did not deem an inquest necessary to be held, as Dr. Kennefick certified death was due to heart disease.

While looking at the yacht race on the Shannon recently, Mr. J. Burke, clerk of the crown, Roscommon, fell down ill, and, though medical aid was soon on the spot, he expired. An inquest was held, and a verdict returned of death by apoplexy.

A man named James Touhy died recently in the Middleton workhouse from injuries which he received by falling off a load of hay.

The Newbridge police found on the banks of the Liffey, recently, a hat and coat with a return ticket from the Curragh to Dublin in one of the pockets.

A fracas of a serious nature in which revolver shots were exchanged, took place near Kiskeam recently, between two parties of the Cashmans and McCarthys. The trouble occurred over a disputed passage-way. In connection with the affair eighteen were arrested and brought into Newmarket, where, after a short detention, they were discharged, and all the cases were referred for hearing at the Newmarket petty sessions.

Solomon Lawlor, aged 11, son of Thos. Lawlor, of Ballymaquinn, Ballyheigue, was drowned while bathing at Ballyheigue on Wednesday evening, July 29.

On July 25, a youth named Patrick Nolan, who resided with his father near Castleisland, disappeared rather mysteriously, and his dead body was discovered on the 28th in a deep ditch near the house. The body, on examination, disclosed marks of violence. An inquest was held by Coroner Spring, at which the jury found that death resulted from asphyxia, and was caused by violence.

While a man named Samuel McIvor and his son were working near Dungannon recently, the latter suddenly fell down dead. An inquest was held, and a verdict returned of death from heart disease.

A serious gun accident occurred near Youghal recently, by which two young gentlemen had a narrow escape. A party of six gentlemen went on a boating excursion on the Blackwater. They carried with them a loaded gun. The charge went off accidentally, a portion of it lodging in the chest of Mr. Henry Drury, of the provincial bank, Cork, and another portion shooting off the cap of one of the knees of Mr. Warrens. Doctors C. Ronayne, R. Ronayne, and Dorman were immediately summoned to the sufferers, and had them removed to the residence of Mr. J. P. Furlong, Loughtane. Dr. Hobart, of Cork, was telegraphed for, and arrived by special train at four o'clock next morning. The doctors say the sufferers are getting on as well as might be expected under the circumstances.

On July 29, Coroner Hogan held an inquest at Carrigrohane, on the body of a lad named John Barry, who was drowned the previous day while swimming. A verdict in accordance with the evidence was returned.

On July 26, a sad case of drowning took place near Ballingly, Ballymitty, the victim being a young man named John Ennis, only 22 years of age, and of the most exemplary character. His father, Walter Ennis, resides in Arnestown, where he holds a small farm. On the day indicated young Ennis went to bathe in a river close to his home, and being unable to swim, he got out of his depth and the current brought him down the river and into a turnhole, where he was drowned. Two young boys were witnesses of the sad affair and at once gave the alarm. Some of the neighbors turned out and having dragged the river found the remains.

On July 26, a man named Thomas Cavanagh was admitted to Jervis street hospital, Dublin, suffering from several injuries, sustained by a fall from the third story of his residence, 21 Upper Bridge street. About a quarter of an hour after admission the unfortunate man expired.

A farmer named John McAuley, 58 years of age, a widower, who resided at Drumavoley, near Ballycastle, committed suicide recently by hanging himself in his own house

Two young men were arrested near Listowel recently, on a charge of being concerned in the death of a caretaker named Dillane, who was found drowned near his house.

A farmer named O'Brien died from injuries which he received on Sunday, Aug. 2, while returning home from mass at Bruree. He and his wife were driving in a cart, and a portion of the harness got disordered, the horse took fright and ran away, with the result that Mr. O'Brien was thrown off the cart and sustained injuries which terminated fatally, while Mrs. O'Brien had her leg broken.

In Charlestown, county Mayo, on the 23d ult., a blacksmith named McGuinn fell from the belfry of the Catholic church, and sustained injuries which caused his death forth-eight hours after.

Michael Power, an able seamen, a native of Waterford, was burned to death on the steamer Angelica, on July 31, while the steamer was on her way from Cardiff to Venice. When a short distance from land it was found that the forecastle was on fire, and the captain decided to beach the vessel at Breakses Point, which he accordingly did. The fire was then extinguished, but not before Power and two others were burned to death.

On the afternoon of July 25, a fatal accident occurred on the grounds adjoining the house of Mr. Kelly, at Dundrum. A shooting party had been staying at Mr. Kelly's house, and consisted of four persons, including Mr. Kelly's two sons—John, aged 13 years, and Joseph, who is considerably older. Close by the house the party erected a target, and began revolver practice. The amusement had gone on for some time, and one of the party, a Mr. Drum, was about to adjust his weapon when it unexpectedly went off, the bullet striking the younger Kelly boy in the left side, and lodging in the lung. The boy was attended by Dr. Thornley Stoker, of Dublin, but despite all the efforts of medical skill he died during the night. Mr Drum was arrested and brought before Dr. Harty, but was admitted to bail.

FAR-FAMED FONTENOY.

A Visit to the Great Battlefield and Its Points of Interests.

Last month, which, by the way, was the anniversary month of the memorable fight, a small party paid a visit to the famous battlefield of Fontenoy, says a correspondent in the *Catholic Standard*. Arriving at Tournai, where we remained but a short time, we took train again for Antoine, a small town containing some three thousand inhabitants. Here we alighted for Fontenoy, which is only twenty minutes' walk from the station. Antoine, at the time of the battle, played a very conspicuous part in the fighting which took place on that day. It was very strongly fortified by the French, and Louis XV., with the Dauphin and army, had their headquarters here. Here are still to be seen the remains of a fine old castle, built in 1511, on a very commanding eminence, from the tower of which a charming view of the battlefield may be obtained.

We did not remain long at Antoine, Fontenoy having naturally the greater attraction for us. Leaving the former place after a few minutes' walk, we could see the little village of Fontenoy peeping out in the distance. The country about here, intersected by diminutive plains, with here and there corn land and meadow; its windmills, pitched on surrounding eminences, and standing out like so many sentries, certainly gives a very pleasant aspect to the place. Now we approach the church and graveyard of Fontenoy. As one saunters through the place, and gazes on the rude crosses, slabs of stone, and mouldering monuments, he is vividly reminded of these beautiful lines in Gray's "Elegy:"

Where heaves the turf with many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

A few steps further and we are at last in the village of Fontenoy. Thinking it prudent to appease the cravings of our appetite before proceeding any further, we made for a neat looking farmhouse On entering, we were warmly received by the farmer and his family. We made known our wants, and in a very short time were supplied with new laid eggs, bread butter, cheese and beer, which, although rural fare, was highly appreciated by all. We now told the object of our visit to their village. The peasant thereupon volunteered to be our guide, and show us over the battlefield. Strangers, we were told, are rarely seen in the village. The people here, although in Belgium, speak no other language but French. Now we are on the battlefield. Here we are shown a farm house which suffered severely in the battle and truly its weather beaten and tumbled down appearing masonry speak for themselves. We mount a rampart—part of the old fortifications—and, descending the opposite side, are treading the ground on which Erin's sons so nobly distinguished themselves. As we gaze on the field we think of that sanguinary fray and offer a prayer for our dear countrymen who fought and died on the very soil we now tread.

Gathering, as souvenirs of this dear spot, some wild flowers which grew in profusion around us, we continued our way. Passing near the ravine through which the Duke of Cumberland led his troops, we reached the remains of an old shattered windmill—a sad spectacle, giving proof of the destructive fire of the artillery. Our guide now insisted on our visiting his father, who lived in a pretty thatched cottage hard by. On entering, a venerable old man, possessing perfectly white hair, his eyes sharp, his head well shaped, with plenty of forehead, stood for a moment surveying us with an expression of mingled surprise and curiosity. Being introduced by his son, our guide, who at the same time told the object of our mission, the old farmer smiled, and, advancing, shook us heartily by the hand. We soon fell into conversation, and our new acquaintance we found to be an old veteran, who had served many years in the army and taken part in the siege of Antwerp in 1830. This good natured farmer, well versed in the historic lore of the neighborhood, told us many anecdotes of the battle of Fontenoy. Much of what he told us had been related to him when a boy by an old villager who had been an eye witness to the fight. To further interest us he brought forth many relics of the great battle, which he and his family had discovered from time to time on their little estate. He very kindly allowed us to take away some of these. A few weeks previous to our visit the skeleton of a man, with a gun which was lying beside him, was unearthed not far from this spot. The peasant related a curious legend, which has reference to the Duke of Grammont, who was killed early in the day of the fight, having both his legs shot off. They declare that his ghost appears occasionally on the battlefield, mounted on a splendid white charger, and, flourishing a sword in his hand, is seen moving about as if directing the movements of a body of men.

Evening now drawing on, we bade our Fontenoy friends adieu, and returned to Antoine in time to catch our train. Thus ended this splendid excursion, and one which the writer hopes at some future time to be able to repeat.

Mapping of the Stellar Universe.

Nothing less than the photographing of the entire heavens is the present work on hand, undertaken by the International Photographic Congress, an account of which M. Camille Flammarien writes in the *New Review*. This great scientific feat is now in progress, arrangements having been made with various observatories all the world over, and where simultaneously, in eighteen centres the beginning of this vast undertaking will be made. Twenty-two thousand plates of two degrees each will be so arranged as to cover the whole heavens, and include stars of the fourteenth magnitude, which alone number 27,000,000, the entire number included in the magnitudes up to the fourteenth, reaching 40,000,000. And while to catalogue this celestial army by ordinary astronomical observation and calculation would prove beyond realization, not only in time, but because stars are ever in motion and changing their position, thirteen minutes will suffice for the actual observation by the photographic lens. And what is more important, as comprising the human eye and the photographic retina, the latter not only makes its observation in less than one second, but can pierce far beyond the boundaries of the former; in fact, it penetrates to the unknown, and by longer exposure reveals 120,000,000, up to the fifteenth magnitude, and completes the marvelous phenomena of the starry host up to 400,000,000. Though its work is not limited to this, for the photographic lens will return the light of stars of the nineteenth magnitude, whose light has traveled for millions of years, or even the earth man knows of existed, stars of a magnitude like our sun, and the knowledge of which would never have been revealed to the eye of man, even through the most powerful of telescopic agents. Here, indeed, is food for thought that almost makes the brain reel with its immense possibilities of the stupendous marvels of creation, the vista of the boundless might, and the eternal being of the omnipotent power that holds the universe in the hollow of his hand.—*Irish World.*

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BALFE—At Bigstown, Ardee, Richard Balfe.

O'SHEA—Aug 4, at Parliament street, Kilkenny, Francis P. O'Shea, aged 18 years.

BARRY—Aug. 2, at Woodbine Cottage, Rosemount, Dundrum, Patrick Barry, formerly of Limerick.

CLARKE—Aug. 2, at Hurlestone, Ardee, Richard Clarke, aged 77 years.

CULLEN—Aug. 3, at No 25 Tallow street, Carlow, Johanna, wife of Thomas Cullen.

MULLIGAN—Aug. 1, at No. 33 Constitution hill, Dublin Edward Mulligan, formerly of Cavan.

MCGARRY—Aug. 2, at No. 19 George's avenue, Blackrock, Anne, wife of Laurence McGarry.

CALLAGHAN—At Courtown, Kilcock, Owen Callaghan

DONNELLY—Aug. 11, at Blue Bell, Naas, James Donnelly.

DOBBYN—Aug. 12, at Ardreigh, Athy, Henry, son of Michael Dobbyn, aged 34 years.

O'CONNOR—July 28, while a voyager from Liverpool to Africa, Dr. William O'Connor, L. R. C. S. I., surgeon of the ship Cameroon, and late of No. 3 Everton terrace, Terenure, county Dublin, aged 32 years.

BAGNALL—Aug 9, at 30 Peter street, John Bagnall Main street, Wicklow, late of Wicklow street, Dublin.

DOHERTY—Aug 9, at No 1 Findlater street, Dublin, Richard Doherty.

FRAYNE—Aug. 10 at Balraheen, county Kildare, Patrick Frayne, aged 82 years.

KEARNEY—Aug. 9, at New Hall, Naas, Patrick Kearney, of No. 78 Thomas street, Dublin, aged 44 years.

MCGLASHAN—Aug. 9, at Farenkelly, Delgany, county Wicklow, Frances Sophia McGlashan, wife of James McGlashan.

MORRIS—Aug. 5, the Rev. Michael Francis Morris, C. C., Newport, county Tipperary, aged 45 years.

MULHERN—Aug. 6, at Castlerea, Mrs. Kate Mulhern.

NULTY—Aug. 9, at No 63 Upper Dorset street, Dublin, Mary Bridget Nulty, wife of Nicholas Nulty.

ROURKE—Aug. 9 at Ballymahon, Clondalee, county Meath, Michael Rourke, aged 67 years.

SHEA—Aug. 3, at Southport, Liverpool, John Shea, aged 70 years, late of Brooklyn, N. Y.

DONOVAN—Aug. 7, at Seaield, Spa, Tralee, Susan Josephine, wife of Sr. John Henry Donovan, J. P.

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NOCTURNE.

All the vast dark wonder of the night,
All the air for the brown moth's wings to skim;
But the stars are far away from him,
And the open window is full of light.

The brown moth follows the candle's glow
Where golden haired Lois reads and dreams,
So still that an imaged saint she seems,
With tapers before her and eyes bent low.

About her hair and the flame he wheels,
Her hair full of sunshine and sweeter yet
Than the yellow rose by the night dew wet,
So sweet that faint to the flame he reels.

In the sweep of his wings the candles flare,
And, what maddens him more, he does not know
The dancing flame that scorches so,
Or the yellow splendor of her hair.

On her brow and neck, in soft little rings,
It lies like the tendrils of a vine;
He has never seen a web so fine,
And he fears to touch it with his wings.

So he whirls and frantic beats at the light
Till in torture down on her book he slips;
She sweeps him aside with her finger tips,
And his life flickers out into the night.
—M. D. Hatch in New York Sun.

THE SOUL OF THE CAT.

Yee Sam Ling was a lonely one. He had friends in plenty and relatives, too, for that matter, but Ling had his own views on matrimony and he didn't believe anybody could be happy without a wife. It was strange why he had so suddenly taken on that belief, for hadn't he lived fifteen years away from his own Flowery Land! Of course he had.

He came first to the Golden Hills and went to work in the mines, but he couldn't stand it, for he used to feel the strange white devils at night punching him in the back. So he gave his claim in the Golden Hills to a relative and traveled across the continent to New York, curled up like a mink on a seat of the smoking car.

He was idle for awhile and then started in to sell soap to the laundrymen, until finally he got enough of the American man's cash to rent a store. He put out his red sign, with the fluttering red streamers on it to keep the evil ones away, and he became a merchant. Every night for years he had crawled into his little bunk curtained off at the back of the store, and after comforting himself with the opium he loved so well he had fallen to sleep, to dream of pretty Chinese girls tottering on pink clouds across the water and stretching their arms out to him.

He often thought of China and the home life there, and he used to count the money in his trunk and wonder when he would have enough to go back and buy a koonfoo's rank and wear a cap with the red button of the third degree. Then he thought he would buy with some of his money the prettiest girl in the province, and she would have feet so small that she couldn't walk at all unless she had a strong servant holding each hand.

He often played the lottery in the hope that he would win, and he burned prayer sticks before his kat god that he might have luck, but he might just as well have saved the sticks, for luck never came. So persistently did he lose that more than once he was tempted to let one of the burning prayer sticks fall over against the god and burn it, but he was afraid lest the deceit should be discovered and the god seek a just revenge.

One day there came into his store a white girl who lived on the top floor of the tenement around the corner. She had hair like the wong shik gold he used to dig out of the Golden hills.

"Say, John," she said, "me mother's run out o' sope, an she's up to her neck in washin. Gimme a bar!"

Ling was smitten with a great love. He remembered having seen this girl go past his store many times, but he never had such a chance as this to speak to her.

"You mommee want sope?" he asked. "She washee?"

"Yes; I want er bar, an I want it quick."

"Alle lite," said Ling, and he clattered behind the narrow counter and pulled out from a shelf two bars of soap.

"You takee two," he said. "No n'gant'sin, you takee; you sabe?" and he pushed the soap and the five pennies she had laid down away from him. Then he went on: "I lakkee you; you heap nice! Lat you name?"

"Gee, what graft!" said the girl; "so I get de sope for nuttin, do I, John? Well, me name's Maggie Sullivan, if yer wanter know."

Ling looked at her with admiring eyes. Then he pointed to the soap and pennies and said simply:

"You takkee. I heap lakkee you, sabe? You clum 'glain?"

"Yes, I sabe, John," said the girl, "an I'll come again."

So she went out and Ling went to the door and looked after her until she had disappeared around the corner. Then he went back behind the narrow counter and sat down on a stool. He rested his elbows on a pile of paper, sunk his chin in his hands and thought very hard. His thinking amounted to something, for he went to the little cubby room curtained off at the back of the store, and out of the big camphor wood chest he pulled some carefully folded clothes. He was a new man when he came out into the store again, and a couple of his countrymen who had dropped in to have a friendly chat and a smoke began to chaff him.

His old cloth blouse, with the shiny place on the back where his well oiled cue had hung, lay in a heap on the floor with his old pow tail and coarse trousers; instead he wore clothes of brocaded dark blue silk and his sandals were like those of a koonfoo. A cold wind was blowing up the street. It made him shiver, but he stood his ground and watched for the coming of Maggie Sullivan.

Every day for a week he watched, until on the eighth day he saw her running by with a shawl over her head and a pitcher in her hand. "Hi-lo," he cried "hi-lo, Maggie S'l'm'n! you com' ni chue?"

"Hello, John; how's things? I'll see yer when I get th' old man's beer," and she dashed on, while Ling went in and waited.

After awhile she came in with a rush.

"You lakkee China candy?" began Ling before she could say anything. "Heap good!" and he shoved a queer little box full of keung toward her. "I lakkee you," he continued, while he picked at the gilt buttons on his blouse. "I bling you nice close, heap nice, you sabe? Makkee you nice close, you dless heap nice, sabe? You mally me, you hab heap money."

"Marry you, John? Well, I guess not! Me old woman would pull the pigtail out of your head if she heard you makin any breaks like that."

"You mally me bimeby," said Ling, as though he felt sure he would win.

"So long, John!" she said, as she went out munching the candy. That was the first of the queer courtship. It struck Maggie seriously, as though she thought she might do worse.

"I don't know but what I'll marry the Chink," she said to herself. "I'll get all ther clothes an money I want an I'll be boss, you can bet!"

There was a cat which used to sleep under Ling's counter. She grew fat on the scraps of chow chop suey and chue yunk which fell from the table, and altogether lived a life of peace. But the day Ling proposed to Maggie Sullivan the cat's manner changed. Instead of sleeping under the counter all the day she took to walking on the counter, mewing uneasily in a wailing voice which filled the room with a distressful sound.

Then she would pause in her walk, and sitting on her haunches glare at Ling with staring eyes. Once or twice he drove her away, but she came back and glared until her eyes turned from green to purple. Once he struck her with his bamboo t'ung, and she retreated to a high shelf and watched him.

"The evil one possesses her," said Ling, and he burned more prayer sticks before his kashat Joss, but the wailing of the cat never ceased. She crept under Ling's bed that night and scratched at the matting on the floor; she paraded the little room, and her big shining eyes seemed to light up the dark place. From that night the cat was never at rest, and Ling became so stricken with a silent terror that he would go out into the street rather than cross her path.

He forgot about the cat a couple of days later, when Maggie Sullivan came in. She was better dressed than usual.

"Hello, John," she began, "I had a row with the old woman, and I've clim out. I'm dead sick of gittin jumped on. Now, if you wanter marry me on ther square, I'm with you, but I don't want any funny business in mine!"

"You mally me?" asked Ling, while a smile crept over his face. "Allee lite, I mally you."

"But I'll tell you, John," the girl went on, "you've got to cut that pigtail off and wear citizen's clothes. You got to be pretty near a white man. You got to be as white as clothes can kin make you, an you got to treat me white, too, or I'll shake you!"

Ling didn't want to lose his cue and he fought against what he considered a sacrilege, but he found Maggie relentless.

"I curl him up so," he said, as he twisted it about his head; "'n I puttee on hlat, so," and he pulled an old slouch hat down over his head, "n' nobody slee hlim, ha!"

No, even that wouldn't do, and Maggie went away saying: "I'm goin up to a lady friend's o' mine ter stay ternite, John, an I'll see you tomorrer, an if ther pigtail don't go I don't git married, see?"

Ling didn't quite see, but he thought a lot. He thought Maggie was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. There was nothing ch'an about her. She had fine blue eyes, a trim figure and a shock of golden hair that attracted the Chinaman. The old cat jumped on the counter and yowled and stared at him, and he went out to get away from those green eyes. He went to the Joss house and burned thirty cents worth of prayer sticks and paper. He made up his mind quickly after that, almost ran down the dark, creaking steps and across the way to where the tai'-tan'-lo lived and did business.

"Take off this thing!" he said, when he sat down on the stool in front of the little razors and scissors.

"What!" said the barber, "are you crazy, or have the foreign devils got you too?"

"Cut it off, I tell you! Are you not here to do such work as this?"

"No, that is wrong. I know your mother. What would she say if I did it? Her curses would come to me as well as to you, unworthy son."

Ling ran out while his courage lasted. He went to a Kwang-tung man who lived near Pell street and had no cue.

"Cut this thing off!" he said; he did not need to beg this time.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Kwang-tung man, "you are going to be one of us; good!" and he picked up a big pair of shears. Snip! and Ling's cue was gone, cut close to his head. Out Ling ran, leaving his cue behind him. He went into his store and sat down to think, when up jumped the cat. Her eyes were yellow this time, and she howled mournfully.

"Get away, you evil thing!" and he pushed her off with a stick. He did not sleep that night; he dreamed strange things and saw strange sights; he thought of his home in far off China, and his mother and the little Chinese maidens whom he had known before he came to the new country. He smoked and saw faces in the clouds. In the morning his eyes were heavy and red with the opium, and he let his hired man do all the work. He lay in his cubby bunk and smoked the opium until he heard a voice. It sounded as if it came from a great distance. It said:

"Hello, where's the boss? In the back room? all right!"

The curtains were pulled back and Maggie Sullivan came in.

"Hittin ther pipe, eh? Well, that's bad for the blood. How's yer pigtail?"

"I cut hlim. He glone," said Ling half stupidly.

"That's good. I knew you'd come around. The Chinks allers do. Git up if yer a-goin ter git married."

Ling had a vague idea that he was very happy. The opium had brought a peaceful feeling, but he was rather stupid. Maggie sat on the edge of the bunk and the cat walked across the room with stately tread, glaring at her. She paused at her feet, and at one bound was on her lap. "Hello, pussy!" she said, putting her face down and stroking the fur. Like a flash a paw shot out; five hooked, sharp claws were unsheathed and dragged across the girl's cheek. She gave a frightened scream, and when Ling looked he saw three red lines down her face, from which blood was dripping. And the cat walked slowly across the floor with the same stately tread.

"I've got a nice looking face now!" said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that cat killed."

"Less," said Ling, "kill hlim," and he rose dreamily and tried to drive the cat out, but she wouldn't go. He gave it up and cursed the spirit which possessed the cat. "Some enemy of mine has died," he thought, "and his soul has gone into the cat." Maggie washed the blood from her face and put on three long strips of plaster, and then went around to the Five Points mission, where they were married. The minister, Mr. Boughton, asked them both a great many questions, and satisfied himself that everything was all right. Before he dismissed them he said he hoped Maggie would be happy.

"I hope so, sir," said she, "an they say the Chinks are good to their wimmen."

They went back to the store then. There was a letter on the counter near the scales. It had come from China and was for Yee Sam Ling. The cat sat near it and would not move. Ling pushed her away with a stick, but she came back. He was afraid to put his hand out for the letter, so he pulled it toward him with his pipe. It was from his native town.

"Your good mother is dead," it said; "the scourge devil carried her away. It was her will that you return and marry the girl she has betrothed to you."

The letter fell from Ling's hands; he looked up and saw the cat still staring at him.

"My mother's soul is there to curse me," he whispered to himself, backing toward the door.

"It is she! She has come across the big water because I did not return," and he kept stepping backward.

"The curse has come upon me!" And he felt for his cue. Then he looked at Maggie and saw the marks of the claws. With a shriek he opened the door and rushed out!

"John's gone plumb crazy!" said Maggie to the attendant. "It's the opium, I guess. It knocks 'em all when they get the habit."

Ling never came back, so Maggie patched a truce with her mother and went back to the tenement. Nobody but the minister knows she is Mrs. Yee Sam Ling, and the new sign which swings over the door of the little store tells every one who looks up at it that Sun Quong sells Chinese groceries there. Sun Quong was the attendant.—Fred A. Wilson in New York Evening Sun.

Oysters Are a Luxury in England.

We do not exactly long for the Port Lincoln oyster of south Australia, which sometimes measures a foot across, and which, fried in bread crumbs and butter, is as much as an ablebodied man can consume at a sitting. Fortunately oysters are found in every sea except, perhaps, the Baltic, for some 3,000,000,000 are eaten annually in Europe alone. It is interesting to hear of "oyster gardens" near Sydney, where you go to bathe, taking a towel and an oyster knife, with a loaf and butter, where you deposit your clothes, and may eat as many oysters as you can open for a shilling.

There is no doubt that the oyster thus freshly taken from the bed may be tasted in the greatest perfection. Traveling disagrees with his liver, which is among the largest and most important organs, and keeping him in ice deteriorates the flavor, as it does that of all fish. The somewhat melancholy conclusion of the whole matter is that oysters are palatable, wholesome, nourishing—and expensive—and that a great many beds will have been laid down before they can be anything to us but a luxury or a medicine.

They are recommended as "sovran" against the influenza, and calculated to keep old people alive when all other food fails; but we may long in vain for days when a cookery book began its receipts with "Take a hundred and fifty oysters," or "Take of oysters two quarts." But, as they say in a neighboring island, "the best way to cook an oyster is to eat him raw."—Saturday Review.

Why She Wasn't Afraid.

The fresh air children see the country with their own eyes, not with yours or mine. They steadily refuse to gratify the taste of sentimental and exacting persons by becoming morbidly lost in marvel, or rapt in poetic fancy. Occasionally one finds a child whose mind is sensitive, and who develops a rare appreciation of the beauty of living close to the heart of things, but usually these charity children enjoy whatever comes to them in just the same unreflecting prosaic, wholesome way that we find most gratifying and healthful in our own children.

Very strange and wonderful everything is to them, to be sure; but in a land where everything is strange and wonderful one loses sight of special marvel. A peculiar and disastrous hailstorm once swept over a farm where a dozen children were staying. The children of the household were terrified, but the little visitors were perfectly calm.

"I thought maybe it always rained sharp glass in the country," said one little girl, when they asked her why she wasn't afraid.—Harper's Bazar.

Both Needed.

Fair Querist—Husband, dear, are there two "l's" in "business?"

Wideawake Husband (obtusely)—Certainly, my love. A man who goes into business with one eye is going to be badly left.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

SCENES AT THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

How the Patients Act While Receiving the Two Inoculations.

Everything being prepared, and the doctor having taken his seat, the patients were called in, one after the other, the children being allowed to be accompanied by their parents. The sight of the delicate little syringe with its needle-like point has an effect on most of the patients as they approach and present themselves, but they have no time to give way to reflection, and the puncture is over almost before they feel the pain. Children, of course, squeal before as well as after, but they soon forget it.

There was one exception, which aroused the admiration of both the doctor and his assistants, little as they are accustomed to display their feelings. It was that of a fair haired, well dressed girl of six or seven years. "Now, mind you, be a good girl, and don't make the doctor cross," said her father. "Oh, no, papa, I will show you that I am a big girl now." And so she did. She underwent two punctures without so much as a wince, and then kissed the doctor, saying, "Merci, mon bon petit medecin."

A young lady from Portugal was also courageous, and even smiled as the doctor applied the syringe firmly but tenderly; she likewise expressed her gratitude, and her broken French seemed to make it all the more touching. All the ladies, however, were not such good patients. One, a stout person from the country, kicked and shrieked as if she were being killed. Another half fainted as the syringe pricked her. But these were exceptional cases, and the majority of the women behaved themselves remarkably well. The men were naturally bound to be more valiant, but even here some amusing exceptions occurred.

One of the Piedmontese, a villainous looking fellow of the brigand type, who appeared to be devoid of all feeling, threw himself into the assistants' hands groaning. "Come, come," said the doctor, "stand up, and don't make an ass of yourself." He stood up pale and trembling, but after the first puncture he again groaned, and had to be supported for the second. He left the room speedily and ashamed of himself.

He was followed by an agricultural laborer fresh from his village. He arrived late, having lost himself on the road. The doctor reprimanded him in a good natured way. "But you won't hurt me, will you?" he asked, as he glanced at the syringe, which was a mystery to him. But ere he could make out what it was he felt it. "Oh, my!" he cried, with an oath, "that's enough! let me go!" But the strong arm of the assistant was on him, and he resigned himself to the second puncture with better grace, and went away with his curiosity satisfied. I repeat that these were exceptional cases only, and once the operation over, all admitted it was comparatively painless, and not half so bad as they had imagined.

The operation, however, is not devoid of danger to the doctor and his assistants. One accident happened. A muscular youth was undergoing his second puncture when, in spite of himself, he made a sudden move and jerked out the syringe, which pricked the hand of the assistant who was holding him, thereby inoculating him with the virus, so it is a question whether he will not have to undergo treatment himself.—London Globe.

Kind Words from an Angel.

It was evident that she scolded for the pleasure of scolding; to be disagreeable, as pretty women find a singular, rare, extraordinary diversion in being, once a month or a week or a day; for his replies to her reproaches were frank, earnest and flagrantly truthful. The majority in the car was for him, although a good advocate, who would have whispered to her to undo the knot of her brows, might still have made for her a triumph similar to that of Helena, daughter of Leda, in the Greek council. Surely he suffered all the tortures of the abandoned; but there was an old woman in black in the car, and she must have been a fairy in disguise, she was so marvelously wrinkled and ugly.

She put her shriveled hand on the little gloved hand of his companion, and calmly, in a voice of the last century, a voice to sing to a clavichord accompaniment, she said: "Madam, I had lovers once; and, peevish, I fancied I could never lose them. Now, I would be amiable to a man who loved me, even if he had, like my shawl, which is made of more holes than stuff, more faults than virtues. I would be amiable to him."—New York Times.

Causes of Headaches.

"You can judge of the cause of a headache in many instances by its location," said the doctor after he had asked his little patient where the pain was that she complained of. A dull headache in the front of the head, particularly above the eyes, proceeds almost invariably from indigestion, and can be treated accordingly. At the back of the head, however, just above the neck, a steady pain betokens congestion or too much blood in the brain. An excellent remedy for this is to apply a mustard plaster on the spine just below the neck. This almost invariably draws the blood away from the head and gives relief.

Neuralgic headache is unmistakable through the sudden darting character of its pains. Cloths wrung out of the hottest water one can stand will help this suffering sometimes to a great extent.—New York Tribune.

Thackeray and Tobacco.

Thackeray rarely wrote without a cigar between his teeth. In his "Fitzboodle Papers" he jocularly suggests that all the hullabaloo against smoking has been raised by women, who are jealous of it as a rival. And it is a rival to them, he admits, "and their conquerer too. Germany has been puffing away for threescore years. France smokes to a man. Do you think you could keep the enemy out of England? Ask the clubhouses. I, for my part, do no despair to see a bishop lolling out of the Athenæum with a cheroot in his mouth, or at any rate, a pipe stuck in his shovel hat."—Exchange.

The Use of a Lightship.

One day we had what was perhaps a practical illustration of the lightship's usefulness. It was a hazy morning, and the mate was scanning the horizon with his glass. Bringing it to bear to the southward, he held it long in that direction, while a look of anxiety came over his face. Several of the crew joined him, and finally one of them said, "If she keeps that course five minutes longer she'll be on the shoal." Through the haze a large three masted schooner was discernible, heading directly for a reef to the southwest of us.

She was evidently looking for the lightship, but the haze had prevented her from sighting us, although our sharp lookout had had his glass on her for some time. Then, too, as the mate remarked, with a slightly critical smile, "These captains feel so sure of their course that they always expect to raise us straight ahead." Suddenly there was evidence that she had sighted us.

She swung around as swiftly as if she were turning upon a pivot. She had been lunging along in an uncertain way, but the sight of us seemed to fill her with new life and buoyancy. Her sails filled, she dashed through the waves with streaks of white streaming along each quarter like foam on the flanks of a race horse, and on she came, fairly quivering with joy from keel to pennant.

Such instances are of almost daily occurrence, and if we add to them the occasions—and they must run far up into the hundreds, if not into the thousands—when the warning voice of the fog bell and the guiding gleam of the lamps have saved vessels from shipwreck, it seems as though the sailor must look upon the South Shoal lightship as one of the guardian angels of the deep.—Gustav Kobbe in Century.

Peculiar Expectations About Death.

A curious study in which a newspaper friend of mine is indulging is that of determining the character of the opinions that many men of many minds entertain in regard to the time and manner of their own deaths. The result of his study is certainly interesting, to say the least. One of the foremost men in politics in this state firmly believes that he will die by a bullet. He has no reason for that belief except the unexplainable presentiment that he has carried about with him all his life.

Even when he was a boy he was fascinated with the idea, and he always believed that when his time came he would die by a bullet, and rather viewed the matter complacently. Nevertheless, he went to the wars, and, besides, he has fought two duels and been an officer of the government in the detection and arrest of moonshiners, and although his life has been in imminent peril many times, he has never been touched by a bullet.

Another man, one of the brightest newspaper men in Boston, believes that he will die of pneumonia. Still another gentleman, a physician of great skill and a scholar of much reputation, believes that he will be suffocated. He has an idea that he will be hanged in some accidental way, and if you should talk to him about this you would find that he is painfully in earnest, and really permits his strange presentiment to seriously disturb him.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Only a Few of Them Left.

Here is a story for cynics. A few evenings since a colored man called at the office of the Missouri Railway company at Leonard avenue and Olive street. Many of the gripmen and conductors were about waiting for their trains. The darkey held in his hand a five dollar gold piece, and was looking for an owner for it.

He said that he had given a conductor a dime early in the afternoon and received in change a coin which he supposed was a nickel, but which he discovered later in the day was a five dollar gold piece. Not wishing that a poor man should sustain such a loss he called to find the owner. No report of such a loss had been made at the office. It is probable that some passenger gave it to a conductor for a five cent piece, and it was paid out without notice for such a coin.

For the information of possible claimants it may be well to say that by common consent the honest darkey was permitted to be the beneficiary, and that he departed rewarded for his honesty with his gold piece and many a kind word from the casmen.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ancient Horseblocks.

The association of ancient churches with the coming and going of men, perhaps on horseback, recalls the presence of an odd item here and there in the matter of mounting blocks or horseblocks, which are still in situ in outlying parishes in rural districts. They are generally merely rough bowlders taken from the neighboring moors, of a suitable size, and set down rather close to the church door or to the opening into the porch. Disused and mute though they be they tell us tales of the pomp and circumstance of old times, when round the church doors were to be seen richly caparisoned steeds, stalwart knights and fair women, besides stout yeomen, with their wives and daughters, waiting their turn to mount their pillions pleasantly.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Longest Day.

At Hamburg, in Germany, the longest day occupies 17 hours and the shortest 7. At Stockholm, in Sweden, the longest has 18½ hours and the shortest 5½ hours. At St. Petersburg, the longest has 19 and the shortest 5 hours. In Finland, the longest has 21½ hours. At Wondorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2d of July, the sun not getting below the horizon during the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the north. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.—London Tit-Bits.

Australian natives employ the grasping power of their great toes in climbing trees, and it is their habit to pick up in the same way spears and other objects from the ground.

And the Frightened Boy Fairly Flew.

A dirty faced little boy, incased in a single garment of shreds and patches, was caught clinging to the rear end of a train that rolled into the Grand Central station a few nights ago. He was about four years old and small for his age. In the expressive language of a Westchester farmer, "he didn't look much bigger'n a jug o' cider." A zealous trainman espied the tiny lad before he could dismount from his dangerous perch on the car platform. A policeman was summoned and the arrest of the marauder was demanded. The boys who catch on trains are a nuisance and should be punished maintained the trainman. A police officer 6 feet 2 inches in height and broad in proportion, took hold of one of the child's arms with his thumb and forefinger and marched the little culprit almost the entire length of the long station, a crowd of fifty or more people following.

Some of the people uttered indignant and sarcastic remarks, such as "Do you want any help, officer?" "Look out, Mr. Policeman; he'll trip you up." But the officer paid no attention to the crowd. He grimly marched his prisoner to the Forty-second street exit of the station, and with a twinkle in his eye he lifted the child in his arms and addressed him sternly thus: "Prisoner at the bar, you have been arrested. But this is yer first offinse. If yuse gits arrested agin you'll be punished till the full extint of the law. Now git." The youngster got out of sight in the throb of a second.—New York Times.

Guardian of the Jail in India.

The jail fixed establishment consisted of a native jailer, with deputies and a few paid warders, with a semimilitary guard for sentry work, armed with muskets and provided with ammunition, most of which was so old and damp from the climate that it had to be destroyed periodically. They were commanded and drilled by a handsome old pensioned Subahdar (native officer). This old gentleman wore a collar of gold beads round his neck, and over his dress of spotless white an embroidered sword belt supported a native sword in a green and gold scabbard. He was a striking looking old man, with strict notions of discipline and duty. His father had been at Plassy with Clive.

It was part of this officer's duty to make his morning report at the magistrate's house, if the magistrate had not had time to go to the jail on his morning round. His usual report was brief and emphatic. "My lord, the jail is all well." One morning he continued it thus: "Be it known to your lordship that the jail cat has had five kittens. Will your lordship order that the cat have an extra ration of milk?" This he said in the gravest voice, with his hand still at his forehead in military salute. When the order was given for the cat's extra ration he marched off without the shadow of a smile on his face, while the magistrate remained almost convulsed with suppressed laughter.—National Review.

Panama Hats.

Panama hats are so named from the circumstance of their being shipped from the port of Panama. They are manufactured in Ecuador and the neighboring states. The material used is the fiber of the leaf of the screw pine, which is related to the palms. It grows only on the slopes of the Andes. The tree is described as having no trunk. The leaves are on slender stems that spring from the ground. They are about two feet long, fan shaped and four parted. Each of the segments is ten cleft, so that when the leaf is folded, as in the bud, there are eighty layers.

The fiber of these leaves is finely plaited, and each hat consists of a single piece of work. The plaiting of the hats is a slow and tiresome process. Coarse hats may be finished in two or three days, but the fine one takes as many months. The work is begun at the crown and finished at the brim. The hat is made on a block, which is placed on the knees, and has to be constantly pressed with the breast.

About 200,000 dozens of these hats are made every year. The price varies according to the firmness of the material and the quality of the work. They are valued at from $5 to $100.—Youth's Companion.

How Old the Earth Is.

Dr. Haughton, calculating from the observed thickness of the rocks down to the miocene tertiary, and assuming a period of 8,616 years for each foot deposited on the ocean bed, finds, for the age of the stratified rocks, a period of 1,526,750,000 years. Assuming the rate of denudation, however, as ten times greater in ancient times than at present, and adding one-third for the period since the miocene tertiary, he arrives at a final result of 200,000,000 years. Dr. Croll doubts the validity of Professor Haughton's assumptions, especially the total thickness he assumes, namely, 177,200 feet, or over thirty-three miles.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Sugar in Clover.

An enthusiast on the subject states that each head of clover is composed of about sixty distinct flower tubes, and each of these contain sugar not to exceed the five-hundredth part of a grain. The proboscis of the honey bee must, therefore, be inserted into 500 clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar each pound of clover honey would represent the insertion of its proboscis into 2,500,000 clover heads.—New York Telegram.

A Destructive Scarecrow.

Since the corn canning shops commenced operations in Maine the farmers have found a brand new defense against crows. They corral whole basketfuls of the disdained tin scraps and next day hundreds of poles toss and flaunt a dazzling array of adornments in the eye of the sun. This will scare crows, horses and cows, and when travelers find themselves in the gutter with the carriage top, they at once understand that field is in view.—Lewiston Journal.

MR. PRESIDENT, ONLY.

BUT ONE FORM OF ADDRESS FOR THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE.

He Is Not "Your Excellency," Nor "Your Honor"—Neither Is He to Be Written to as "Dear Sir"—Plain Mr. President Is Sufficient—Why It Was So Decreed.

If you ask a president's private secretary he will tell you, among other things, that not one person out of ten in writing to the president addresses him properly. Each correspondent seems to follow his own sweet fancy. Thus the man who writes and asks for a pension or an office on the ground that he served in the war is apt to begin his letter, "Dear General," and after having told his wants he signs himself, "Yours fraternally."

This is pretty familiar. The president isn't a general, except in that he is commander in chief of the army, and as for all men being brothers, it is true as a theory, but is hardly correct on all occasions as a practice. If the letter from the old army man is answered, as nearly all letters are, the writer is addressed with due formality as "Sir," and not as "Dear Comrade." This ought to be a sufficient hint to him to keep his distance, but it is not, and a week later he bobs up serenely with another long communication to his "Dear General."

There are a number of his correspondents who wish to be very formal and respectful, and they always call him "Excellency." It sounds so big, is such a pleasing mouthful, that many people who ought to know better cannot resist the temptation of using this form. As between such an expression as "Dear General" and "Your Excellency" the former is preferable, for there is no law against it, while there certainly is an unwritten law against the latter.

When the constitution was formed there was a great deal of discussion as to the form of address that should be applied to the president. Some people thought he should be addressed "Excellency," others would be satisfied with "Your Highness," while still others thought he should be called "Majesty." The New Yorkers who bore in mind the days of the Dutch republic wanted the head of this republic called "His High Mightiness."

FREQUENT MISTAKES.

After a great deal of wrangling and considerable exhibition of party feeling over the matter, it was finally decided for all time to come that the chief executive should be addressed simply as "the president of the United States." That settled it and made it an impropriety to call him "Excellency." The governor of a state has more form about him in correspondence than the president, for unless there is a clause in the constitution of the state expressly prescribing some other mode of address, it is correct to call him "Excellency."

The democratic spirit of some states has interfered to prevent this, and it has been prescribed that the governor receive some simpler title, but there are only two or three of these states. As a general thing the rule can be laid down that the governor of a state should be addressed "Your Excellency." To begin a letter to the president in the same way is to establish an equality between the two executives that does not exist.

Another frequent mistake is made by those who begin their letters to the president, "Your Honor." His honor is the presiding judge of a court, or usually the mayor of a city. Some men, from constant associations with courts of justice, come to regard the judge as the highest and mightiest individual on earth, and they can conceive of no greater distinction to be conferred on the president than to call him "Your Honor."

To cut a long matter short, let the correct form for addressing the president be given. I is simply this, "Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States, Mr. President." Then after you have said your say, if you are not proud, you can finish the communication thus, "I have the honor to be, Mr. President, your obedient servant, John Smith."

ADDRESSED BY KINGS.

Don't make the mistake that is sometimes perpetrated of signing yourself thus: "I have the honor to be John Smith." It may reflect honor on you to be who you are, but it is hardly modest of you to say so. What you want to say is that you consider it an honor to be the president's obedient servant.

To the rest of the world Uncle Sam and the president are one, and that is why the latter insists upon ceremony in his dealings with other powers. Probably readers are familiar with the form observed in correspondence between the president and the head of another government. It is part of the law of nations that they are all coequal.

The king of Samoa writes to President Harrison in the same terms of equality as are used by the emperor of Germany, and the president replies in kind. The The head of these little islands receives a munificent salary of less than $300 a year—that is, he receives it if there is money enough in the treasury to pay it.

When Germany had trouble with his majesty and demanded an indemnity for damages of $40,000, a broad smile went around the world, for it was well known that the treasury of Samoa had never had, and in all probability never would have, a sum half so large in its coffers. Yet the king of Samoa is addressed by the president as "Great and good friend," and the president signs himself, "Your good friend," and when Queen Victoria receives a letter from the president he treats her with precisely the same formality and no more.—Washington Star.

Strength of Men and Ants.

An ant three-eighths of an inch long, carrying a burden of one-sixth of a grain, moves at the rate of one mile in eleven hours. This weight—a small one compared with what they sometimes carry—is eighteen times their own. In carrying this weight they compare with a man 54 feet high, weighing 140 pounds, carrying a ton and a half of lead from St. Louis to Jefferson City and back again in twenty-two and a half hours.—St. Louis Republic.

COSTIVENESS

If not relieved by judicious and timely treatment, is liable to result in chronic constipation. As an aperient that may be used with perfect safety and satisfaction, **Ayer's Pills** are unsurpassed. Unlike most cathartics, these pills, while they relax and cleanse, exert a tonic influence on the stomach, liver, and bowels, causing these organs to perform their functions with healthy regularity and comfort. Being purely vegetable and mineral any kind, is not free from drug of their use attended with injurious effects. Good for old and young of every climate, Ayer's Pills are everywhere the favorite. G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main street, Carlisle, Pa., says: "Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. I would not willingly be without them."

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Every Dose Effective.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 10:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gegan, pastor. Residence 118 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 3294 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church sts. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Allport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, C.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Allport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kaiser, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 265 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Catalina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 233 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Morgan st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 3434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 42 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Ewing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 22 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2264 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. Georg Rathz, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m., high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 853 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Lamoine st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara Bobbane, pastor; Residence 831 Lamoine street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m. high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p.m. Rev. F. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 130 W Taylor st; G R Brecken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr P W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2137 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 12th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry B Hewson, R S, 2513 Butterfield st; W J Keller, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P B MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 35 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3033 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 352 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Thiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 353 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Deailauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Glow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousea, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1036 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 400 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; P N Montagar, F S; M W Foix, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenbann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2241 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 726 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Talman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Laguna's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas, Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 353 Sherman st; Frank A Rucera, R S, 516 S Morgan st; Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 200 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Wabansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Paxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st, Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Foehan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S, Joseph F Sanders, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 941 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 19 Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 874 Carrabee st; J Havenesh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows. Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 508 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; E P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolbe, C R, 726 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niemboch, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Bruccolani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesdy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; F B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E cor Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3622 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, W. E Graham, 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 196 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 276 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec. Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 2—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V-P; Edward O Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 261 S. Jefferson st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 320 S. Halsted st; T. F. White Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 1st Tuesday of each month at 8 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1736 W. Lanesst.; C. Sullivan, V-P.; M. J. Barret, sec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres S Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Dugnan, Rec Sec., 9 Chicago, M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec. John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Fisherman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., P. D Kirby, Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st., Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 15—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2822 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche. Rec. Sec. James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasper's hall Lock st and Archer av.

Div. No. 16—Pres., James Noonan, V. P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 8 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V-P., James O'Brien; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan, Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hensly; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 19—Pres., M. Lof us. cor W Forty-third and Lowe sts V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan, Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres. James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert, Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1239 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4234 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., J P Dohesy, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Arlington av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1036 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3209 Lowe av; V P J J Burke; rec sec, M J O'Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3515 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2903 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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TWO ALTERNATIVES.

A Shrewd Young Man Chooses An Unfair Yet the Expensive One.

A young man came to this city some time ago with no capital, but with an experienced and expert knack of getting rid of money. He brought letters introducing him to the favorable attention of several rich and influential New York business men. His relatives in the west—persons of good social standing and some means—were very glad to grant such courtesies to him in consideration of his departure from their immediate neighborhood. He had proved an expensive nuisance for them.

One of the gentlemen upon whom the young man called was the president of a flourishing down town bank. This bank president had been the intimate friend of the young man's father, and, without thinking of consequences, he offered to do anything in his power to advance the interests of the son of his old friend. The young man had a business scheme in his head and he wanted credit at the bank until his expected remittances arrived. The bank president told him that he might draw up to $1,000.

The checks came in promptly for large and small amounts until the young man's overdrawn account amounted to $1,150. The hard headed cashier then went to the president and suggested that the bank ought to have some collateral. He frankly admitted that he had no confidence in either the young man's schemes or his intentions. The president saw the force of his cashier's suggestion, but, still chary of offending his old friend's son, he wrote a personal letter to the young man, saying:

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—It has been a pleasure for me to accommodate you with a small line of credit at the bank. Sufficient time, however, has elapsed, I think, to enable you to realize on your own resources, and I trust that you are now able to make a settlement. In fact, I am constrained to say that you must either make your account good or cease drawing checks on the bank.

The young man was not thin skinned, and this letter did not offend him. He smiled as he read the closing sentence, and stepping into the office of a friendly broker, he penned the following note:

RESPECTED SIR—Accept my cordial thanks for your kindness. Of the two alternatives that you suggest I am obliged to accept the latter. I shall cease drawing checks on your bank. With kindest regards, etc.

The kind hearted bank president was somewhat nonplussed by this reply, and he showed the note to his cashier. That practical functionary looked over his gold rimmed glasses at his superior and said: "Umph! well, that is pretty slick. But you have got rid of him cheaper than I thought you would."—New York Times.

Why Eels Are Objectionable.

Inasmuch as eels must go to sea in order to propagate their species, they are found not to multiply at all when placed in ponds that are landlocked, although in such places they will grow rapidly and be healthy. It costs so little to purchase young ones by the quantity that this is no obstacle to the usefulness of stocking inland waters with these fish. They have many very important advantages from the economic point of view, inasmuch as they will feed on anything dead or alive, will thrive in water clear or muddy and at any temperature, and require no looking out for.

However, in rivers like the Susquehanna, where gill nets are used, eels are very undesirable. It is not unusual upon hauling the nets in that stream and in others farther south to find that the catch has been entirely eaten up by myriads of the squirming robbers, which have left little besides heads and backbones. It has been found advantageous by the fish commission to plant eels in the upper great lakes and in the Mississippi. They have also been introduced very successfully in California.—New York Sun.

Curved Trunks Get Straight.

Possibly the greatest manifestation of growth power that could be referred to is in the power of many trees to curve their trunks when partly blown over, though they may have had them straight for a quarter of a century. This curious subject is yet in its infancy as a branch of study; but so far the curving has been noticed more in connection with palms and coniferous trees. A trunk may be, say twenty or thirty feet high and a foot thick, and as straight as a gun barrel. Should it, from any cause, become tilted in a few years the whole trunk from the ground to the summit will be found curved like a bow.

It was at one time thought that plants grew toward the light, and we come to believe that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," but it now seems that "grew" is not here an active verb—the mass of foliage—that which was grown as well as that which is growing—is really lifted—lifted by some power in nature so far entirely unknown to vegetable biology.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

New and Harmless Antiseptic.

A new antiseptic agent called microcidine, which is composed of 75 per cent. of naphthol of sodum and 25 per cent. of naphthol and phenyl compounds, has been tried in France. It is a white powder, soluble in three parts of water. The solution, which is cheap, is said to be a very effective antiseptic, without being poisonous or caustic or injurious to instruments or linen. Its antiseptic properties are inferior to those of corrosive sublimate or naphthol, but surpass those of carbolic and boracic acids ten and twenty times respectively. The solution has given excellent results in dressing wounds.—New York Telegram.

A New Hay Rake.

A westerner has invented a hay rake which he thinks will avoid some of the defects of those now in use. It is a combination of the sulky and revolving rakes. There are the wooden teeth of the revolving rake hanging under and revolving round the axle. The proper motion is given by means of a hinged back. The idea is a sulky rake which will not gather dirt and rubbish, and will drop the hay in the windrow without dragging it several feet or yards beyond.—New York Journal.

H.R.EAGLE

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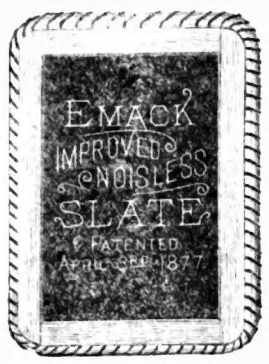

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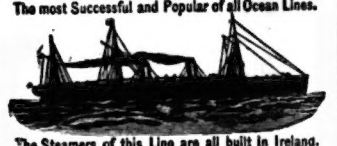

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JOHN W. WALSH,
Attorney at Law,
609 Opera House Building,
Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
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ESTATE OF ANDREW WALSH, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Walsh, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, August 6 1891.
CHRILTOPHER KELLY,
MICHAEL McNERNY,
Executors of the last will and testament of Andrew Walsh, deceased.
James McEnerny, Attorney.

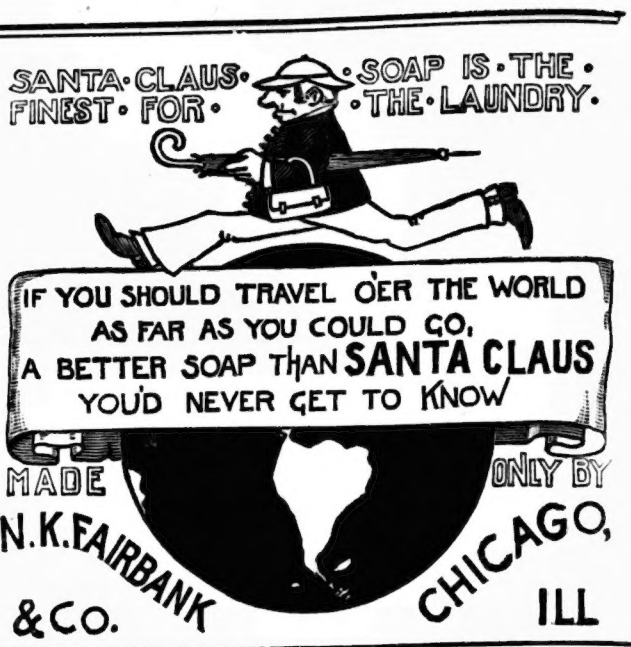
DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL ENRIGHT, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
JULIA ENRIGHT,
Executrix.
Dated Chicago, July 7, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST

ESTATE OF PATRICK SHEA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Shea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
WINIFRED SHEA,
Executrix.
Dated Chicago, July 9, 1891
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL WHELAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Whelan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, July 30, 1891
JANE M. WHELAN,
Executrix.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building, 112 Clark street.



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EDWARD J. McARDLE ATTORNEY. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

ESTATE OF PETER FITZSIMMONS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the statee of Peter Fitzsimmons, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook county, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court Room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. MARY FITZSIMONS,
Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JOHANNA SHEEHAN ALIAS Johanna Wall, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Jonanna Sheehan alias Johanna Wall, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. KATIE SHEEHAN,
Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

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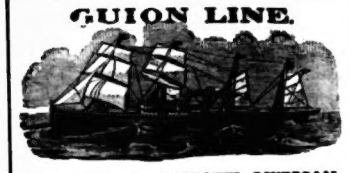

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